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C. W. Gonick
THE QUEBEC CHALLENGE
Is Canada Falling Apart?

'INTELLIGENCE' ABUSES BY THE IRS Jason Berry

THE COSMETICS OF AGRIBUSINESS Robert Wuliger

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LETTERS

why he lives in France

New York City:
Vivian Cadden's moving account of the recent reunion in Florence, Italy, of the International Brigaders of the Spanish Civil War [*The Nation*, Dec. 4], contains a disturbing reference to a "now homeless Polish Jew" she met at that festive occasion. She wrote:

> Oddly by himself in a room where everyone has found a friend, an unobtrusive man was reading an Italian newspaper. I asked him where he was from. "I have no country. I am a Polish Jew. I live in Paris. I fought in Spain." End of conversation.

Ms. Cadden learned that this "now homeless Jew" had served as an aide to the legendary Gen. Karel Walther, a Pole who commanded the 35th Division. Why was the name of this Jewish International Brigader not given? He is Alexander Shurek. Why does he not live in his homeland, Poland, but in France? Why does Emanuel Mink, another Polish Jew and the former commander of the mainly Jewish Naftali Botwin Unit of the International Brigade, live in France and not in Poland?

Alexander Shurek together with *almost all* of the Polish Jews who fought in the war in Spain had to leave Poland during the upsurge of anti-Semitism there in 1968-69. Now they live in Israel, France and other countries and the Polish Government has deprived them of the pension which they, as Spanish veterans, are supposed to receive according to Polish law. When will the Polish Government resume its pension payments to these Polish Jewish veterans of the Spanish Civil War who deserve and badly need these pensions now?

In addition, a large number of all the International Brigaders in Spain were Jews, between 15 and 20 per cent of the total, or about 6,000 to 7,000 men. Perhaps as many as half of the men of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade were Jews. Should there not have been some recognition of this fact?

Paul Novick, Editor
The Morning Freiheit

bring back the railroads

Minneapolis, Minn.
As one who shares with Jimmy Carter a tie to past Populist traditions, I should like to urge public support for the one plank of the People's Party platform of 1892 which has not yet been adopted: nationalization of railroads.

If we foresee a sharp restriction of auto, truck and plane travel by the year 2000 because of dwindling supplies of fossil fuel, it would seem prudent to initiate a twenty-year program to rebuild our rail system on a massive scale. This rebuilding would serve as a major "growth industry," providing both jobs and investment. . . . As an integral part of a new rail system, it should be possible to exercise greater controls over land use, including, perhaps, the concept of linear cities rather than general urban sprawl.

An essential feature of a nationalized system . . . should be a policy of fixing freight and passenger rates at roughly 50 per cent of cost with appropriate public subsidies to cover the losses. The public would recover the tax costs both through lower prices, since all industries would enjoy cost savings and also with a sharp reduction in the many kinds of subsidies for highways, airports and failing railroads which are currently expended and which bring no tangible savings to the public. It would seem that a policy of artificially low rates for passenger travel would wean people from the automobile, and encourage mass usage of the railroad with attendant economies of scale. . . .

James M. Youngdale
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EDITORIALS

The Cabinet Maker

As the American people contemplate the rather conventional Cabinet that President-elect Carter has assembled, they might ask themselves this question: when was the last time a member of the Cabinet had any real influence on the federal government? Robert F. Kennedy, perhaps? (If so, largely because his brother was the President.) Probably the only Cabinet member who exercised real power in this century was Herbert Hoover—as Secretary of Commerce, of all things—in the 1920s Presidency of that most passive and negative Chief Executive, Calvin Coolidge.

If that is the historical truth, then the careful carpentry Carter has been doing in his back yard in Plains these past weeks is significant mainly for its symbolism. What he has been fitting together down there is a collection of men and women of varying degrees of experience and competence who collectively represent Carter's own ideas about the constituencies he must satisfy or appease if he is to have any chance to govern successfully.

There has never in our history been anything quite like the deliberate, semi-public balancing act which has been the mark of Carter's Cabinetry. Each name floated or even mentioned has immediately become the target for sniping by various interest groups. And even before the nature of the whole was known, the parts were riddled with holes by disappointed elements of the political coalition which Carter had proclaimed he would put together. During the process the balance tilted from outside to inside, even from Right to Left, but at last it came to rest near a Center one can hope is not dead.

The whole is probably more lively than that. There are individuals in the initial Carter Cabinet (it will certainly be changed) who are not without interest. Some of them, like Rep. Andrew Young, who is undertaking the difficult, probably thankless but important job at the United Nations, have evident virtues. Others may be buried treasures, their real qualities hidden in humdrum occupations (one hopes that for W. Michael Blumenthal at the Treasury). Among them may be candidates for rebirth in an administration headed by a man who says he has been through that regenerating process in his own life (is it too much to expect that of Harold Brown in Defense, despite his tarnished record as Secretary of the Air Force during the worst part of the war in Vietnam?).

In making his choices, Carter has been the victim of his campaign promises. As an "outsider," he seemed to be saying that he would shun "insiders" for his right-hand men and women, that his new broom would really sweep. In the end he chose mainly second-echelon characters from the last two Democratic administrations, which was probably inevitable. As he looks at the evidence of his considerable about-face on this point, it must be some comfort to Carter to recall that FDR campaigned vigorously for a balanced budget in 1932, with the economy in ruins, before he was forced by events to go the Keynesian pump-priming way.

None of this is to express more than hope about the

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To Our Readers

I regret to announce that Mr. Thomas B. Morgan and I were unable to reach agreement on the future course of *The Nation*, and on terms for the transfer of its control. Accordingly, the negotiations were ended. Naturally, I shall remain as publisher until a suitable successor is found.

James J. Storrow jr.

Carter Cabinet. There is no reason to have larger sentiments about it. And there are at least a couple of time bombs in that Cabinet, bad appointments that could blow apart an effective and orderly administration. The worst of them, in our view, are Griffin Bell as Attorney General and James Schlesinger as energy czar (which Carter will ask Congress to raise to Cabinet level).

It is by no means certain that Bell will be confirmed by the Senate, no matter how passionate the Carter honeymoon with Congress. However his record on the federal bench will be judged, this "crony" of Carter, this member of restrictive clubs, this supporter of the ineffable G. Harrold Carswell for the Supreme Court (a stand he clumsily, not to say dishonestly, tried to conceal from the press) may need more than the ardent support of the reactionary chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, Senator Eastland, to gain confirmation.

As for James Schlesinger as energy boss, it would seem that the Senate would be doing Carter a favor by rejecting him, when it gets to that point, though it almost certainly will not do so. This dour moralist of the ultras, opponent of détente, strong supporter of nuclear energy (not to say limited nuclear war as an "option"), a ruthlessly ambitious man, will try to spread his influence all through the executive branch. He will surely try to make energy policy the fulcrum of all our foreign relations, stamping on the toes of Vance at the State Department and Brown at the Pentagon on his aggressive way up the bureaucratic ladder. Careless of the environment and interested only in pure power, for the United States and for himself, Schlesinger is the hardest of Carter's appointments to take or even to understand.

The press has naturally treated the very public process of the Cabinet's selection as if it were a sure indication of the direction in which Carter as President will head. It should not, we believe, be looked at in quite that way. It is merely one of the signs, and a preliminary one at that, of the nature of Carter's view of the Presidency and what he can do with it. After the Nixon performance, and even after the bland Ford interregnum, Carter will probably lean at first toward a more "collegial" handling of the executive branch, decentralizing the power to some extent. But there are inherent forces that magnify the President's role, whatever his views on the dangers of concentrated power, and we should be skeptical about his ability to resist them by dispersing the responsibilities of government.

Finally, Congress is there to dispose, in its slow and often unresponsive way, of what any President proposes. And already it is clear that the programs Carter is committed to present to Congress are so ambitious and complex that it will take at least a year or two for any sub-

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stantial number of them to be enacted. That would be so even if Carter turns out to be a forceful and skillful Chief Executive, backed by an ideal Cabinet in total harmony with his purposes. It would be a bold prophet who would predict that ideal set of circumstances for the incoming Carter administration.

Here They Are Again

Right after the season to be merry comes the season to be somber—at least for those in the U.S. Government whose business it is to give us our annual scare about the national security at budget time. And "somber" is the word that dominated the lengthy leak from the CIA which led *The New York Times* the very day after Christmas. When this intelligence analysis of Russian "intentions" was not somber, according to the *Times*'s account, it was "grim," in the view of the "high-ranking" and "top-level" officials of the CIA cited in the story. The headline gives the tone—"New C.I.A. Estimate Finds Soviet Seeks Superiority in Arms."

Normally, if that is the word, it is the military that bangs the warning drum as the federal budget heads toward Congress. But this year, threatened by an incoming President who has said he would shave $5 billion to $7 billion from the enormous defense budget, new forces have been mobilized to sound the alarm and scare the daylights out of us. And so, before Carter the President ever sees this hair-raising CIA document, the readers of *The New York Times* are told all about what Carter "will receive" after he settles into the White House.

A CIA "participant" in this estimate is quoted as saying that "For us the question is not whether the Russians are coming but whether it is feasible for them to get here and how soon. That comes back to the question of United States will and determination. If we don't have it, then there is superiority" (presumably for the Russians). The evidence for the new gloom or panic is sketchy in the *Times*'s story, but we are told that "the worrisome signs included newly developed guided missiles, a vast program of underground shelters and a continuing buildup of air defenses."

There is, not surprisingly, a "hero" in this story, and the suspicious mind would also nominate him as a prime source. His name is Maj. Gen. George J. Keegan Jr., and his function until January was Chief of Intelligence for the Air Force. He is said to describe himself as "the eye of controversy" in the American intelligence world, one who "has been contesting the estimates of Soviet intentions for twenty-two years." Since all this is about strategic confrontation between the two superpowers, and since the Russians have done little in that vague realm except, questionably, in the cloudy world of "intentions," one must wonder what General Keegan has been contesting all those years. The *Times* tells us just that he "became convinced that the Soviet Union was preparing for offensive war against the United States" and therefore opposed the ABM and offensive nuclear weapons treaties between us and the USSR of the early 1970s.

One might dismiss this story as just the stuff of defense establishment budgeteering (and a bad news value judgment by the *Times*) were it not for one revelation in this yarn about the new mechanics of intelligence evaluation, one which is more ominous than "somber." It appears that the Ford administration decided in 1976 that this process was too optimistic in its product. And so, with the approval of George Bush, director of the CIA, a panel of "outsiders" was set up to contest the conventional view that the United States and the USSR were in a state of "rough parity." The criterion for membership in this group of challenging thinkers was that they should be "more pessimistic" about the Russians than the parity bunch. Thus the dialectical deck was stacked and the game of "capabilities" began, with "intentions" as the wild card.

Apparently this pushed the whole estimating process toward the black or pessimistic side of the board and the Reds were in a position to win—unless "will" (read "dollars") strengthened our side. That is the legacy of the Ford administration, which does not want to leave the 1970s equivalent of the 1950s "missile gap" to its successors and never mind that there was no missile gap back then, as John F. Kennedy, after campaigning against it, quickly admitted when he took office.

This whole business is a shell game, familiar and discredited. It is insulting to President-elect Carter, and he should so regard it. He cannot punish George Bush, the present CIA director who is about to leave office, or General Keegan in his retirement. But, as he prepares his own defense budget and gets ready to deal with the Soviet Union on the serious and promising business of strategic arms limitation, he should keep in mind that one of his first important tasks is to bring the defense-intelligence bureaucracy to heel.

Latin American Lullaby

One tiresome aspect of every new President's honeymoon period is the obligatory promise to court Latin America. Serenades are sung, pledging warm and vital hemispheric relations based on eternal human values. These are then promptly forgotten as the President's early passion wanes and the fights begin at home. Through the rest of the President's term Latin America is left, as always, begging at the back door.

Carter's vows of a new era in Latin American affairs have been as expected, but his rhetoric has been strengthened by the recent publication of the second report by the Commission on United States-Latin American Relations, a private group that numbers such impeccably Establishmentarian figures as W. Michael Blumenthal, Richard Gardner, Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, Samuel Huntington and Nicholas deB. Katzenbach. The commission's first report, issued in 1974, caused a stir because it recommended policy changes, and the publication of this one has been treated by the press as a major event.

A striking characteristic of the report is its tendency to ignore realities and to speak in euphemisms. Thus it begins by assuming American good intentions, and by arguing that ". . . the new administration should focus early attention on improving U.S. relations with Latin America not because of hidden dangers but because of latent opportunities." If this were true, it would amount

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to a veto on any change in policy. United States relations with Latin America are not based on any desire to cooperate; they are based on power, more specifically on exploitation. Thus the U.S. Government responds *only* to danger. Why should it do otherwise, when the status quo favors its commercial interests so overwhelmingly?

Happily for Latin America, the danger is very much in evidence, as witnessed by the social crisis now racking the continent. And circumstances in the 1970s—the downturn in the world economy, the rising nationalism and deepening poverty of the Third World, the American defeat in Vietnam—do demand a change of policy. The commission correctly notes that Latins will no longer tolerate the paternalism of our "special relationship," nor our unilateral assumption of the right to intervene militarily. Both notions, as the report says, should be renounced.

In fact, several of the report's recommendations have value. We certainly should turn over control of the Panama Canal as rapidly as possible, and should move toward "normalization" of relations with Cuba. We should ease tariffs and take other measures to improve the terms of trade for Latin America. We should transfer more technology to Latin countries. In general, however, the report's proposals become vague as they approach the fundamental economic factors that produce North-South difficulties.

The commission's delicate avoidance of the realities of political and economic struggle is perhaps most evident in the realm of human rights. Noting that "Latin America is suffering from a plague of repression," the report calls for a strict stand by our government against the violation of human rights. This ignores both the causes of the plague and our role in spreading the germs. Over the last decade, the political situation in several Latin countries has grown so critical that their retrograde social systems (which the United States favors) could probably be saved only by wiping out entire generations of dissidents. To support the goals of the juntas while deploring the means necessary to achieve them—particularly when we trained the agents of police terror—is either hypocrisy or blindness.

It can be argued that the commission intentionally paints our relations with Latin America in rosy cooperative colors so as to have influence on the incoming administration. And it may be that generous American aid, combined with a new attitude on the part of multinationals, could help Latin American nations develop healthy economies. But neither innovation is to be expected at present, with most of the continent under the military jackboot. Our economic relations with Latin America are based upon—and help produce—Latin underdevelopment. Until that situation changes, Latins will be offered reforms that do no more than cover over the worst of the Nixon-Kissinger approach. The fact that the commission's largely cosmetic proposals are undoubtedly a step up from recent attitudes in Washington tells us that an end to Latin American suffering is indeed very distant.

Wrong Number

As he goes about preparing to take office, Governor Carter has been making a series of bows to figures who represent centers of power or influence. This is not necessarily bad, though it must be said that it indicates a certain lack of confidence in the forces he can mobilize on his own.

One of these gestures was toward this year's Nobel Prize winner in Economics, Prof. Milton Friedman, a scholar whose combination of archaic free-enterprise principles and argumentative ingenuity has won him quite a reputation in the "real" world of business-as-usual and the academic-consultative apparatus that battens on it. (Friedman and his colleagues from the University of Chicago have for years been consultants to the forces in Chile that installed and support the brutal Pinochet dictatorship.)

The Friedman episode in Carter's preparation for the White House has both comic and depressing sides to it. It seems that the President-elect placed a telephone call the other day to the well-known, or notorious, Nobelist. But he got a wrong number, that of Milton Friedman, a rather obscure speechwriter for President Ford, who is quoted as saying that he thought this Christmas Eve call from Georgia was "Santa Claus calling to offer me a job."

For that Friedman there turned out to be no federal Executive sugarplums. For the "real" Friedman, when Carter finally was connected with him at his home in Ely, Vt., there was a rare chance to give a put-down to a powerful admirer, and it must have made his holiday. He told *The Washington Post* (December 26) that Carter "indicated that he would be interested in having my economic advice. I told him I had already given it in an open letter in *Newsweek* magazine."

Thus economist Friedman had the satisfaction of telling the President-elect that he hadn't done his homework, which he could have done by reading the uncollected works of Professor Friedman in a news magazine. That advice, of course, was to hold down public spending and choke up on the money supply, damning the torpedoes of a faltering economy and the consequent public unhappiness. To the *Post* Friedman gratuitously declared that Carter was taking "bad advice" from economists who tell him to cut taxes, increase public spending and boost the rate of monetary growth.

Carter might have known that he would get this sort of treatment from the Chicago economist who accepted his Nobel award while letting it be known that those Scandinavian academicians who picked him for it were not his professional peers. Friedman's graceless arrogance is always a wonder to behold. The puzzle lies in why Carter bothered to place himself in a position to be put down by a man who represents nothing that should concern him as President.

John M. Blair

The death of Dr. John M. Blair should be paired with the death a few days later of Sen. Philip A. Hart of Michigan. Blair was one of those unsung heroes of the Washington scene: the men and women who staff the committees, prepare the hearings, coach the chairmen and committee members, brief the press, conduct the preliminary investigation, and then sort out the findings, write the reports and draft the proposed legislation. John Blair was a superb representative of this breed of bureaucrat. He probably knew more about antitrust, administered

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prices, and kindred topics than any person who served in Washington during the years he was in government. Virtually his entire career was spent as a government economist: for the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the Temporary National Economic Committee, as chief of the Office of Regional Economics in the Department of Commerce, as assistant chief economist of the Federal Trade Commission and, finally, as chief economist of the Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly from 1957 to 1970, first under Sen. Estes Kefauver and later Senator Hart. While both Senators had an active personal interest in antitrust, Blair was the moving force behind their illuminating investigations of mergers, cartels, price-fixing, the growth of monopolies and the concentration of economic power. If he had done nothing else, the hearings he organized for Kefauver on administered prices and for Senator Hart on the concentration of economic power would stand out as landmarks in the history of Congressional investigations. Aside from numerous articles and monographs, Blair was the author of two splendid volumes which had developed out of his special insights and experience: *Economic Concentration* (1972) and *The Control of Oil* which he completed for Pantheon shortly before his death. Of recent years he had been serving on the faculty of the University of South Florida.

The Nation owes a special debt to John Blair, not merely for the articles and reviews he contributed over a period of years but for his expert editorial guidance and assistance on issues about which it sought his advice. A prime consultant on matters in which he had special competence, he was invariably responsive, generous of his time, painstakingly insistent about detail and factual accuracy, and always shrewd and perceptive. He was a frequent visitor, and we at *The Nation* came to think of him as one of the magazine's most highly prized unpaid consultants.

What distinguished Blair from most other economists was his vast experience with the interaction between corporate economic power and government attempts at control and regulation. Few government economists knew more than he about the regulatory agencies, particularly their limitations and weaknesses. He was a veteran of countless major legislative battles fought over attempts to shape government policy on economic issues. He had excellent academic credentials, but his special competence derived from his unrivaled familiarity with his vast collection of empirical materials and his years of experience in dealing at close range with corporate executives of the industries whose pricing practices and economic policies he had studied so long and with such care. To some younger economists, he may have seemed a bit old-fashioned in his views, but he wasn't. He believed in competition and was wary of monopoly power, but he used modern research methods and was quite familiar with the newer theories. First and foremost he was a tireless fact-and-data collector: dogged, persistent, and endlessly curious. In brief, he was more a pragmatist than an ideologue. A lasting debt is unquestionably owed to Estes Kefauver and Philip A. Hart for their courageous leadership in the great hearings they conducted, but a debt of equal magnitude is owed to John M. Blair, who served as chief of staff to both Senators in their invaluable inquiries into the concentration of economic power.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Legacy of a Boss

Democracy's great virtue compared to other systems, we are constantly told, is that it provides an orderly procedure for changing rulers. But Chicago politics are chaotic after the death of its Mayor for twenty-four years, Richard A. Daley, and the succession struggle has pitted race against race, ethnic against ethnic. Daley became boss through democratic procedures, did he not? Or is the nasty fight to succeed him final proof that he used the forms of democracy to gain power and then rule Chicago in a totally authoritarian way? *Requiescat.*

CHINESE FALLOUT

WHY WE CAN'T CRY 'FOUL'

MICHAEL REISMAN

The nuclear powers learned early that it was best to test weapons far away from their own population centers. This was especially important for democracies: the folks paying the bills might close the purse if they discovered that their children, rather than being protected by atomic arsenals, were being poisoned by them. Isolated areas were optimum for tests; they've been used by the Russians and Chinese. Next in order of preference came colonial areas or "Trust Territories"; Eniwetok and Bikini for the United States, Mururoa for the French. It has always been easier to relocate and compensate natives. After all, life is cheap in the Orient.

China's recent series of atmospheric nuclear tests are bringing the chickens home to roost. On September 26, the People's Republic of China conducted tests in the atmosphere above Lop Nor. Winds carried fallout over the United States and some has come to rest in the Northeast. (On November 17, the Chinese detonated another nuclear device, but this time the cloud passed over North America when there was no rain, therefore no fallout.)

Michael Reisman, a professor of law at the Yale Law School, is the author of The Art of the Possible: Diplomatic Alternatives in the Middle East *(Princeton University Press).*

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Radioactive fallout of this sort is consumed by cows and reaches human beings in milk. The Environmental Protection Agency has not sounded alarms and the Pennsylvania Bureau of Radiological Health judged that the level of contamination then recorded in September did not warrant recommending that the milk not be consumed by infants and pregnant women. But that is scant and short-term comfort. Dr. George Kistiakowsky of Harvard, a former science adviser to President Eisenhower, said, according to *The New York Times,* that "we know very little about long-range health effects of low-level nuclear radiation. Certainly the exposure to low-level radiation is not beneficial and while its effects may be 'statistically not significant,' they present real health threats to some of the many exposed Americans."

The Romans said *sic utere tuo ut alienum non laedas*—use things that are yours so as not to harm others. That doctrine has become a general principle of law. When a factory on the Canadian side of the border spewed sulfuric smoke on farms on the American side, our government pressed for arbitration. In the famous *Trail Smelter* opinion, Canada was obliged to pay compensation to American citizens who had suffered injury. The analogy with radioactive fallout hardly needs illumination and it was captured in the 1972 Stockholm Conference's Declaration on the Human Environment. But despite these legal principles and the unpleasant fact that a by-product of atmospheric testing which we have been most careful not to dump on ourselves was being dumped on us by someone else, the State Department announced only that it would re-emphasize to China our strong opposition to atmospheric testing. Compared to our vigorous diplomatic program of the 1960s, this scarcely qualified as a protest.

By 1963, the United States and Russia decided that our common interests would best be served by prohibiting further tests in the atmosphere. The product of this agreement was the Limited Test Ban Treaty; more than 100 nations agreed to prohibit all atmospheric weapons tests within their jurisdiction and "to refrain from causing, encouraging, or in any way participating in" such tests. Neither China nor France became party to the treaty. In the following years, the U.N. General Assembly passed numerous resolutions about the lawfulness of testing and, particularly, of atmospheric testing. While the pundits could argue whether or not there was a general international rule against atmospheric testing, the extraordinarily wide support for such a rule was undeniable.

When France indicated in the 1960s that it was shifting its atmospheric testing program to the Pacific, Australia and New Zealand began to protest diplomatically. In 1973, both Pacific states petitioned the International Court of Justice to enjoin France from continuing the tests. They claimed, among other things, that there was a right to be free from "atmospheric nuclear weapons tests by any country" and that the deposit of radioactive fallout on their territory violated their sovereignty. The Court responded favorably and ordered France to suspend atmospheric tests pending a final decision. But Paris ignored the order (and popular protest in France as well) and proceeded with the tests. The next year, however, President Pompidou announced that France would no longer need to test in the atmosphere, and the Court quickly held that this statement bound France to abstain from testing.

Mr. Dooley, the doyen of political commentators, remarked that if the Supreme Court doesn't follow the flag, it surely follows the elections. In this case, it looked as if the International Court was counting votes. The Court had come very close to holding that *all* atmospheric tests were unlawful, even for states not party to the Limited Test Ban Treaty. If it had so ruled against France, there would have been no question about the illegality of Chinese tests and any future tests in the atmosphere. But that ruling would have become meaningful only if nuclear heavyweights like ourselves could be counted on to "vote" for and support it. And that's the problem. The Big Powers, who often are the only possible policemen of the world, gave little support to the Australian and New Zealand claim; none appears to have exerted any meaningful diplomatic pressure on France to comply with the Court's order.

One reason for our reticence in 1973 was that a judgment against testing would have *bound us*! Under the rules created by the Test Ban Treaty, we can withdraw, with three months' notice, and resume atmospheric testing. If the Court had ruled all atmospheric testing prohibited, we would have lost that escape hatch. But the fundamental reason for our vapid responses, then and now, is that nuclear weapons are becoming conventional. Familiarity has bred contempt. The old, almost traumatic, sense that atomic weapons were qualitatively different and scary in a new and unpredictable way has passed. The demands for special security in nuclear development, for radically new theories about their political and military use and for heightened efforts to reduce their dissemination have died.

There are sporadic flurries of protest when some smaller and very dependent states, like Pakistan and South Korea, try to make the league, especially when they try to buy their equipment from someone else. But the bleak fact is that the West is in the process of assimilating the wherewithal for atomic weapons to our conventional arsenal for political and commercial purposes. If it's not qualitatively different, why not sell the technology, particularly when the profit is high and we need the money to right our balance of payments? If it's not special, why shouldn't we view with favor the development of an effective Chinese nuclear capacity, and perhaps even help, if that balances power? After all, a nuclear bomb is just another weapon.

Alas, nuclear weapons are different. What we know about their effects is frightening; the vast amount we don't know should counsel even greater caution. The policy evident in our response to the Chinese tests is politically naive and tragically short-sighted. Its costs will go far beyond the possible contamination of milk. By failing to protest and protest vigorously the Chinese atmospheric tests, we erode even further the principle we claim to have been trying to establish since 1963, and make mockery of our rhetoric of nonproliferation and environmental conservation. We hasten the day when, with a bang or a whimper, we shall all end. □

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ACCOMMODATION TO POWER

HOUSE REFORM BOGS DOWN

PAUL R. WIECK

Washington

The mood was one of accommodation to future power, be it the Speaker's or the President's, when 296 House Democrats caucused during the first week of December. The message is clear. Reform, as we've known it for the last few years, has run its course. The last decade, scarred though it was by Watergate and Vietnam but a fruitful time for those determined to democratize the system, belongs to history in the fullest sense. The focus is now on the future and those whose power will shape it.

There were hints of it even before the caucus met. A day or so earlier, I ran into Anthony Moffett (D., Conn.) in the House dining room. He'd spent the weekend at meetings with the new members. This year's freshmen crop, numbering some forty-eight Democrats, "aren't like we were," warned Moffett, a product of the 1974 voter uprising against Watergate. He couldn't have been more on target.

In 1976, the voters sent to Washington men and women who've worked their way up through political channels (legislatures, city councils, etc.), not men like Moffett, who matriculated in "movement" politics. On the whole, this class replaced Democrats retiring from safe seats. Moffett's class unseated Republicans from coast to coast in 1974. It doesn't sound like much of a difference but it is. A different breed fights its way up through movement politics.

The first major test of the caucus came on the election of a Majority Leader. The obvious favorite was Rep. Phillip Burton (D., Calif.). He was elected caucus chairman two years ago with the overwhelming support of Moffett's class and has been breathing down the neck of Speaker-elect Thomas P. (Tip) O'Neill (D., Mass.) ever since. He interceded for the freshmen at every turn. He helped them bring anti-Vietnam and depletion resolutions to the caucus floor. He wheeled and dealed in general. Burton is a stalwart left winger who took an early stand against Vietnam. He's also a consummate politician, who strikes some as abrasive. But he's also the best legislative mechanic in the House and, as Majority Leader, might have pushed O'Neill into uncomfortable confrontations with the White House. But that possibility ran counter to last year's mood of accommodation.

On the third ballot, Burton lost by one vote—148 to 147—to Rep. James Wright (D., Texas). It stunned the caucus. Wright, a soft-spoken Texan, was still offering pro-war resolutions when the party was being torn apart on Vietnam. His victory kept intact the Boston-Austin leadership axis which has ruled the House almost continually since the late Sam Rayburn took over in 1940 with John McCormack as his Majority Leader. It's a cautious combination, one that adjusts itself to political realities instead of creating them, as Burton and his allies tend to do.

"Tip" O'Neill

Wright had some interesting allies. Burton's camp received reports that O'Neill's friends were phoning to urge a vote against Burton, that New York Mayor Abraham Beame was urging his state's delegation to go for Wright. (Wright has given the cities some help as a member of Public Works.)

The voting was by secret ballot, but Burton is thought to have lost most of the forty-eight freshmen, plus a handful of the 1974 class who, along with veteran liberals such as Rep. Frank Thompson (D., N.J.), preferred Rep. Richard Bolling (D., Mo.), and switched to Wright when

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Bolling was dropped after the second ballot. Conventional wisdom says the fault lies with Burton's personality—too tough, too much the uncompromising politician at times, too many scars from the past. For instance, he supported Chairman Wayne Hays (D., Ohio) of House Administration over Thompson two years ago. But one may also wonder whether the image that was an asset in 1974, when confrontation and reform were in the air, had become a handicap in the first week of December because the mood had so radically changed.

The caucus also shunted aside chances to get on with the process of democratization at the expense of the Speaker's powers. A motion by Rep. Richard Ottinger (D., N.Y.) to make the Majority Whip's post elective was shouted down when O'Neill objected. If that had carried, Burton would have had a second shot at a post of leadership. Ottinger's next motion—to give the caucus power to elect the subcommittee chairman of Ways and Means—lost overwhelmingly. It's interesting that the caucus voted itself the power to name the subcommittee chairman of Appropriations two years ago.

There were some minor gains. The Ethics Committee was stripped of its legislative powers and the industry-oriented Joint Committee on Atomic Energy was stripped of its jurisdiction. It was scattered among four standing committees, with jurisdiction over regulatory matters (safety standards, etc.) going to Interior and Insular Affairs. If that change is approved by the full House, Rep. Morris K. Udall (D., Ariz.) will oversee nuclear regulation as chairman of the Energy and Environment Subcommittee.

There was a bonus or two to be found in the fallout from the Majority Leader's race. Wright had been slated to move up to the chairmanship of Public Works, a post he must now forgo as Majority Leader. Rep. Harold Johnson (D., Calif.) is next in line and is expected to give up Interior and Insular Affairs for Public Works, the biggest pork barrel committee in Congress. This puts Udall in line for the chairmanship of Interior. "It's the first break I've ever gotten around here," Udall told me. Still, he hadn't tried to produce that break. He stuck with his ideological convictions and voted for Burton.

Burton will be replaced as caucus chairman by Rep. Thomas Foley (D., Wash.), an ally in the long fight to put some life into the House leadership and to close the gap between urban and rural liberals, a gap which has cost both groups dearly in the past. Foley will double as chairman of the House Agriculture Committee. □

EVEN TAXPAYERS HAVE RIGHTS

'Intelligence' Abuses by the IRS

JASON BERRY

In 1972, George Williams, a 45-year-old black, self-made businessman, was running the Metro Income Tax Co-Operative in Atlanta. His 400 clients were mostly low-income, semi-literate people, bewildered by byzantine tax forms. For a small fee, Williams's office helped them prepare tax returns. As part of a national program investigating tax preparers, the Internal Revenue Service began looking into Williams's business.

Its first step was to send agents into Metro offices, posing as clients. Had Williams received a fair trial, his attorney might well have demonstrated that this was legal entrapment. On the basis of these posed interviews, the IRS decided to audit 300 of Williams's clients, who soon complained to him. George Williams is nobody's fool. Armed with a tape recorder, he accompanied several clients to sessions with IRS auditors and demanded that the client be informed of legal rights, and the conference be recorded. IRS agents balked; Williams was tagged as a troublemaker.

Since Williams worked for fees and not on a percentage of his clients' tax rebates, the auditing agents well knew that he could not have gained by preparing fraudulent returns. And Williams put up a good fight before the IRS destroyed his modest business.

IRS agents threatened his clients with legal action if they didn't testify against him; those whom the IRS managed to intimidate became key witnesses. Williams contended that his clients were denied recourse to the normal IRS appeals process to determine the legitimacy of deductions. But the IRS managed to pin twenty-eight indictments on Williams for "aiding and abetting fraudulent returns." However, by the time of the trial, the government had dropped half of the indictments.

Williams was ably defended by Benjamin Spaulding, a black attorney prominent in Atlanta school desegregation cases of the late 1960s, who took the case for almost nothing. Despite persistent attempts, Spaulding was unable to prevent the court from forcing Williams to submit to two separate pretrial psychiatric examinations, the second conducted over a thirty-day period in a Missouri prison, where Williams claims he was forced to take behavior modification drugs. Officials from the institution testified he was "paranoid," but the testimony was ruled inadmissible when the chief physician, who wrote the report by proxy for the state of Georgia, did not show up. During the peak tax season period, when he was in Missouri, Williams's Tax Co-Op went out of business.

The judge refused to let Spaulding call intimidated clients as defense witnesses. Williams drew a probated

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sentence—with the stipulation that he prepare no more returns.

The jurors in the George Williams case are like most Americans in their ignorance of how the IRS operates. They weren't told of the massive campaign to get one small man, of the thousands of taxpayers' dollars spent to break him and his small business; they knew nothing about the tactics used to elicit questionable evidence from the street people whose returns he helped prepare.

Constitutional and legal questions raised by the Williams case indicate the critical state of decay within the IRS today. What tools are proper for tax agents to use when pursuing people who try to defraud the government? Where should the IRS draw the line between tax collection and intelligence politics, police surveillance tactics and programs made infamous by the CIA and FBI? Why have so many abuses occurred in the last ten years? How can they be stopped?

The IRS unquestionably needs to ferret out citizens who evade taxes and defraud the government, but the history of the IRS Intelligence Division—an investigative branch that builds cases for the Justice Department to use in its prosecutions—shows how far the tax agency has strayed from the original purpose. Created in 1913, the Intelligence Division was patterned after a program in the Postal Service, whose inspectors investigated mail fraud and the corruption of employees. During Prohibition, law-enforcement agents called on the IRS for aid. New legislation gave IRS agents the power to search any citizen's bank records; if assessed taxes were not paid, agents could use lien powers to seize money directly from the bank. Al Capone, the most celebrated mobster of the 1930s, was finally convicted for income tax evasion. Search and seizure remain two of IRS's most powerful tools.

The expansion of the federal bureaucracy, the proliferation of intelligence technology after World War II, and the national propaganda campaign against Communists in the 1950s drew the IRS into many areas where it had no right to be. The American system of taxation rests on a precious principle—voluntary self-assessment by the taxpayer. During postwar years, the partnership of the IRS in this enterprise had become tainted; the agency was growing political. In the 1950s, its agents used tax audits to harass members of the Communist Party. Early in his administration, President Kennedy felt free to request tax audits of ideologues on the Right and Left. By 1972, when John Dean drew up a White House enemies list for President Nixon, the circle had been closed: the IRS tax audit was viewed as a standard way to create political problems for opponents of the resident administration.

Still more serious was the deepening involvement of tax intelligence agents in police activities. The IRS founded a National Office of Coordinator for Organized Crime and in 1966, at hearings chaired by then Sen. Edward Long (D., Mo.), the service confessed to many infractions of surveillance laws in attempts to build tax evasion and fraud cases against mobsters and corporate criminals. A special school was set up in Florida in the mid-1960s to teach tax agents wiretap and other intelligence techniques.

Not until Watergate did the national press discover intelligence politics as an issue. But in the 1960s, while reporters were portraying the federal government as a liberal ally of the civil rights movement, Southern IRS offices adopted a semi-official policy of auditing and otherwise harassing activists and their lawyers, a practice that increased dramatically into the 1970s as biracial political coalitions emerged in the South. In 1968, the FBI worked out a scheme whereby it could receive tax returns for its political purposes, and in 1969, Sen. John McClellan of Arkansas, in a legally questionable move, requested tax information on radical groups under investigation by a subcommitttee of which he was chairman.

The IRS's response to domestic struggles of the recent past was twofold. First, with no questions asked, it handed over tax information about private citizens to the FBI, CIA and Justice Department. At the time of Nixon's resignation in August 1974, at least *fifteen* Washington agencies were making use of taxpayers' private returns. Under a federal arrangement with forty-eight states, more than 32 million tax returns were being passed back and forth, as though they were routine interagency correspondence. In Florida, returns were made available even to county tax assessors.

Second, for its own purposes, the IRS in 1969 put two programs into operation. The political program was under the jurisdiction of Nixon aide Tom Huston, to gather information on "ideological groups." Thus, activists came under observation as criminals had earlier. And to fight tax evasion, the IRS conceived the Information Gathering and Retrieval System (IGRS), a broad-ranging attempt to seek and store data for *potential* criminal cases, which did a great deal of damage and in the end proved useless. Not only was this program totally outside the scope of traditional IRS intelligence work, it was a "general" operation, with files on more than 450,000 people. The temptation for IRS agents to break the law seemed almost built into the IGRS.

In January 1975, the *Philadelphia Bulletin* broke a story that, under the IGRS program, the Jacksonville, Fla. Intelligence Division of the IRS had been collecting personal information about potential tax evaders, many of them well-known citizens and politicians. Congress became interested, and on March 13, IRS Com. Donald Alexander appeared before the House Subcommittee on Government Operations and Individual Rights, chaired by then Rep. Bella Abzug of New York. Alexander and other IRS officials assured the subcommittee that the Internal Security Division of IRS was making a full in-house study of the project and that IGRS in Jacksonville had been immediately suspended.

The very next day, to the Commissioner's chagrin, the Miami *News* broke a sensational story about one Elsa Gutierrez, an informant for IRS agent Tom Harrison. She confessed to having spied on IRS suspects in order to gain information on such matters as their sex lives and drinking habits. Some thirty suspects were included in Gutierrez's investigations, which Harrison had code-

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named "Operation Leprechaun." The Leprechaun story, quickly picked up by the national media, made Abzug angry. She fired off a testy letter to Alexander and denounced the IRS high command on the House floor for giving "misleading, incomplete, inaccurate, and deceptive testimony, covering up illegal spying. . . ."

Alexander moved quickly, first assuring Abzug that he had been unaware of Harrison's activities when he testified. Indeed, it soon became known that Harrison had not told his Miami superiors about Gutierrez's unethical methods. Alexander ordered Harrison suspended and forced three of his superiors into early retirement. An IRS Inspection Division report, published June 23, 1975, analyzed flaws of the IGRS program and condemned Harrison for ignoring guidelines, while only hinting at the root problem, manic overzealousness.

Gutierrez's sordid work was part of a larger IRS intelligence drive, known as Operation Tradewinds and started in 1965 by agent Richard Jaffe, who created a network of confidential informants in the Miami area. Tradewinds agents were after a wide circle of mobsters and upper-bracket tax evaders who were stashing money, often illegally earned, in bank accounts outside the United States and particularly in the Bahamas, where a friendly bank secrecy law protected them.

The turning point in Tradewinds occurred in 1973, when Michael Wolstencroft, an official of Castle-Bank and Trust Co. Ltd., in the Bahamas, arrived in Miami with a briefcase containing vital information on Americans who used the bank as a tax haven. Through an informant, Jaffe fixed Wolstencroft up with an evening date. He left his briefcase in the woman's apartment while they went to dinner, and during their absence Jaffe's informant took the briefcase to the IRS agent, who photostated the records. The briefcase was then replaced before the couple returned. (It is hard to believe Wolstencroft was unknowing; the information was conveniently intercepted on American soil, thus absolving him of breaking Bahamian law.) A spin-off program began, appropriately dubbed "Operation Haven."

The surreptitious procurement of the briefcase information did not dismay Justice attorneys; in private counsel with IRS agents, they ruled that the information could be used. But then Gutierrez's confession blew the cover off the larger operation. Commissioner Alexander's office finally suspended Tradewinds, thus incurring the anger of the intelligence agents who had helped build it.

In March 1976, agent Jaffe faced a criminal grand jury in Miami but was not indicted. Agent Harrison miraculously escaped prosecution. A confidential in-house review of the affair by IRS conceded that Harrison could be charged with possession of stolen documents and improper use of informants, but the memo recommended *against* prosecution—since that would mean revealing the identities of other informants!

Commissioner Alexander, recognizing the need to shore up the agency's image, has instituted certain reforms during his three-year tenure. In October 1973, he disbanded the Special Services Staff—the Nixon harassment outfit created before Alexander took over the helm at IRS—whereupon the Tax Reform Research Group, an arm of Ralph Nader's Public Citizen, requested SSS files under the Freedom of Information Act. The IRS stalled for a year, but finally, faced with an embarrassing lawsuit, it released the documents. During this same period, then Sen. Sam Ervin's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights pressed Alexander for the same information and, after nine months, resorted to subpoena to get it.

One of Alexander's opponents in 1973 was Louise Brown, a tax expert for Nader's outfit. Today she gives the Commissioner credit for his budget cuts in the Intelligence Division (from $12 million in 1974 to $4 million in 1975), and for withdrawing IRS agents from organized crime strike forces.

"I don't think Donald Alexander wants to go down in history with Nixon," Mrs. Brown explains. "I've watched the crescendo of criticism; I've taken part in it myself. But *all* problems regarding civil liberties have come out of IRS involvement in those affairs (intelligence activities like Leprechaun and strike forces with Justice). Alexander, a defense attorney, came to IRS and began to *defend* it. . . . After constant battering during Watergate about IRS, he became sensitized; from the moment he has been in office, week after week, an enormous amount of criticism has come from the press and Congress."

The Commissioner's reforms have angered many career investigative agents and even drawn criticism from the Justice Department. Early last year, Attorney General Levi, annoyed by Alexander's recall of tax men from organized crime strike forces, said that an "absurd situation" had developed, crippling the effectiveness of this police work. Strike forces have received favorable news coverage because they are out to catch criminals, but the means they use to catch them also deserve scrutiny.

A former Justice Department attorney who worked on a strike force explains how crucial IRS agents are to these teams. "On each force [before Alexander pulled his people out], we had an IRS intelligence agent, who served as a criminal investigator, and an IRS auditor, who served as an accountant. After the cutbacks, the strike forces had to get IRS men from district offices, regular street agents working extra duty. IRS district directors had their own projects and weren't interested in ours."

In addition to IRS agents, a strike force brings together FBI agents and Justice Department lawyers and investigators; it then moves on individuals suspected of criminal activities, and tries to build a case. According to a prominent Southern criminal attorney, who worked in the Justice Department for several years, "The problem with the strike forces is that they're too often fishing expeditions. They go see what, if any, crimes the suspects *may* have committed. For one thing, many of the cases built that way don't stand up in court."

Recent statistics from the Justice Department suggest that the IRS cutbacks hampered crime fighting. In 1974, 331 organized crime cases were referred by IRS to the Tax Division of the department; in 1975, the figure was 246, a drop of 30 per cent. In fiscal 1975, $4.4 million was collected out of racketeering convictions; in 1976, it was $260,000, mostly from excise taxes, and "not likely to increase, given the cutbacks," according to a Justice Department official. Although Alexander's stated

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intention was to remove all agents from strike forces, by January of 1976 he had backed down somewhat, after long negotiations with Justice Department officials as to the *degree* of IRS involvement. As the Ford administration draws to a close, the situation is pretty much in limbo.

Civil libertarians applauded Alexander's initial cutbacks and strongly advocate the removal of IRS agents from strike forces. Their argument is that the IRS auditors and intelligence agents, with their extraordinary powers of search and seizure, work in effect as pretrial prosecutors. George Williams of Atlanta is an evident victim of pretrial prosecution by the IRS.

An informal statement bearing on this conflict between the interest of a tax collection agency and the Justice Department appeared in an article published in the *American Bar Association Journal* of July 1976. The author, Mortimer Caplin, was IRS Commissioner from 1961 to 1964. He writes:

> The Internal Revenue Service should cooperate with the Department of Justice in its general federal law enforcement efforts. In doing so, the IRS should limit its activities solely to the tax aspects of these joint investigations.
>
> The IRS must be sure to maintain a balanced investigative program so that it fulfills its total responsibilities for all types of tax fraud violations. It must exercise a high degree of selectivity in investigating non-racketeering cases and hold an extremely tight rein on the use of its manpower.
>
> The IRS must determine its own proper workload and, after consulting with the Justice Department, must be the final voice in selecting the tax returns and types of activities to be investigated by it in these joint projects.
>
> The IRS must maintain complete supervisory control over its special agents. . . .
>
> The IRS must continuously maintain a proper balance between respect for the rights of private citizens and zeal in the detection of lawbreakers.

Theoretically, Mr. Caplin's diagnosis of how the IRS should work with the agencies of law enforcement is correct, but the problem, in an increasingly political and partisan federal bureaucracy, is how to enforce such a theory, how to balance respect for civil liberties with the necessary tools of tax enforcement.

The Tax Reform Act of 1976, while criticized by many progressives for not shifting more of the tax burden to the wealthy and to corporations, nevertheless includes a number of reforms which benefit the individual taxpayer. Tax returns are now nonpublic documents, and can be divulged only when a request is submitted to the IRS in writing by the agency concerned—a formality designed to protect ideological dissidents from having their returns used against them by the intelligence agencies. In 1975, the Justice Department alone used 30,000 tax returns for nontax purposes.

To protect the taxpayer from full vulnerability to the IRS's search and seizure of bank accounts, the new legislation exempts from IRS seizure $50 of a worker's weekly salary, plus $15 per dependent. Moreover, the bill stipulates that the IRS must tell the taxpayer within five days how it reached a jeopardy assessment; the taxpayer is then given thirty days to apply to the agency for an administrative review. That is a significant provision, for it curtails the power of individual IRS agents in making arbitrary decisions. If the IRS seeks information from a taxpayer's bank account, the taxpayer now has the opportunity to contest the move in court. Finally, the IRS is required to make public the rulings it gives to corporations and high-income taxpayers. In the past these have been kept private.

If the 1976 Tax Reform Act shows some respect for certain civil liberties of the individual taxpayer, Congress as a body has barely penetrated other deep areas where fundamental changes must be made to remove the IRS from the government's police work. The Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, once an energetic force under Sam Ervin, lay dormant for nearly a year while its present chairman, John Tunney, ran for re-election in California. The Church Select Committee on Intelligence, which assigned more than 100 staff members to work on the FBI and CIA report, used only two full-time staffers for its IRS study, and ignored certain critical problems raised in this article.

While the Church committee report recited the developments that led to IRS Intelligence abuses (much of it was a rehash of the Ervin study of SSS in 1973), it did not even consider the striking pattern of harassment of Southern civil rights workers. (See Jason Berry: "The IRS Bullies the New South," *The Nation*, March 6, 1976.) This development of the early 1970s was *unrelated* to IRS collusion with the Nixon administration. In April 1976, at the very time when the Church committee IRS report was being written, Rep. Charles Rangel, the Harlem Democrat, was pressing Commissioner Alexander for information on twenty-seven civil rights activists from Mississippi who were allies of Charles Evers and who had been audited in the two years following the IRS investigation of Evers. Rangel received an extraordinary letter from Alexander, with a 3-page "statistical breakdown" which indicated that roughly half of these Mississippi activists were in fact *not audited* in 1974—this, against the activists' own statements. Commissioner Alexander maintains the returns which were audited had been selected at random by the Discriminate Function computer program used nationwide in IRS regional offices. The "statistical breakdown" in the Commissioner's letter does not list names. Instead, the supportive information lists Taxpayer 1, Taxpayer 2, etc., with the years audited and assessments made. Thus, there is no way to correlate the activists quoted in news reports in 1975 with the supposed taxpayers listed numerically in the letter.

The disturbing internal developments of the IRS in recent years are less the results of Watergate activities than of a larger breakdown of the bureaucratic process. With 88,000 national employees, most of them in regional and district offices across the country, the IRS is a huge federal agency which must be administered with great care. Government agencies are patterned after corporations, function like them, and too often serve the interests of American firms, at home and abroad. The Tax Reform Act of 1976 is a beginning toward needed reform, but it cannot of itself alter the attitude that has pervaded the

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IRS, and the intelligence agencies, during the growth years of surveillance politics. The morning after his victory, Carter replied to an NBC reporter who had asked the President-elect what sort of America he envisioned for the future, that he did *not* want a situation "resembling the world in the novel, *1984*." One large step away from Orwell's imagined tyranny would be legislation making it a crime for agents of the IRS (or any government agency) to conduct politically motivated audits or investigations, deprive taxpayers of their civil liberties, or engage in nontax intelligence work for the IRS. The penalty should be stiff. □

THE QUEBEC CHALLENGE

IS CANADA FALLING APART?

C. W. GONICK

Winnipeg

For more than a year Canada has been embroiled in a bitter economic struggle that is novel for this country and has endangered the government of Prime Minister Elliott Trudeau. But on November 15, the day the Parti Québécois was elected to office, attention reverted to the question that has haunted Canada from its very beginning—"national unity." The development in Quebec was a godsend to Trudeau. His personal popularity has declined remarkably over the past six months and the signs that his government is disintegrating have been evident. It was the "national unity" question that catapulted him to office eight years ago. He was the man of the hour six years ago when he instituted the War Measures Act that brought in the national army to do battle with the few dozen terrorists of the Front de Libération du Quebec. Now he can be the savior once again—or such is his thinking.

The main reason for Trudeau's fallen popularity is the disastrous state of the Canadian economy with 700,000 workers unemployed (7.3 per cent of the labor force) and an inflation rate of about 8 per cent. On October 14, more than a million workers left their jobs on a national day of protest, a demonstration unprecedented in Canadian history. Their target was the government's Anti-Inflation Board set up a year earlier to control wages and prices. Over the period negotiated, wage increases of a million workers were rolled back, returning several hundreds of millions of dollars to corporate coffers. But in that same time there have been only a few trivial price cuts. In addition, governments at all levels have begun to reduce social services. October 14 was no direct challenge to the state but it did express, by direct action, the overwhelming opposition of organized labor to state policy. Prominent members of Canada's corporate elite had also voiced displeasure with Trudeau. Not that they are ungrateful for the bonuses they are getting at a time of falling profits; what they fear is that the controls may become a permanent feature of the Canadian economy.

Despite what all the polls showed, the victory of the Parti Québécois was unexpected outside of Quebec; it came as a national shock to English Canada. The P.Q. was founded only in 1968. It won 24 per cent of the popular vote in the 1970 Quebec elections and 30 per cent in the 1973 election. On November 15 it won 41 per cent of the vote, enough to assure the party of René Levesque a large majority of seats in the provincial legislature.

As Trudeau and all the leaders of federal political parties stress, the P.Q. has been given no mandate to initiate separation proceedings, and Levesque readily agrees. In view of the gross unpopularity of the corrupt and inept Liberal government of Premier Bourassa, the P.Q. had made a tactical decision to run on a "good-government" campaign. On the question of independence it did no more than promise the electorate a referendum on the issue within two years of a P.Q. victory. Only if that referendum or some subsequent one were to come out on the side of separation would a P.Q. government initiate proceedings to establish an independent republic.

Since the evening of November 15, English Canadians have been told to stay calm. No need for panic. The vast majority of Québécois, including French-Canadians, we have been reassured, oppose separation. The promised referendum is bound to fail. There is some evidence for this confidence: recent polls indicate that only 10 to 20 per cent of Québécois now favor separation. But much can happen over the next two or three years.

In the first place, there is wider support for independence than superficial polls show. Two-thirds to three-quarters of the P.Q. constituency want independence, according to studies conducted since the establishment of the party. And while only 10 to 20 per cent of the province's population support outright separation, more than a third have already indicated support for *"une séparation politique du Québec moyennant une association économique avec Canada."* It is this formula of political independence from, but economic association with, the rest of Canada that defines the P.Q. policy.

Moreover, the idea of Quebec independence will henceforth be invested with all the authority and prestige of the Quebec government. Now the very popular Prime Minister and his Cabinet will be trying to persuade the Québécois that independence is necessary; before, this urging had come from an opposition party which held only a few seats in the National Assembly and whose leader had twice failed to win a seat for himself.

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The P.Q. will have access to the entire Quebec bureaucracy which will no doubt be set to work preparing studies in the costs and benefits of federalism. The interpretation of the data will not be generous to the federal government. As representatives of Quebec make demands not only for more tax dollars but for the transfer of economic and political powers one after the other, every federal refusal to meet these demands will be cited as further evidence that federalism is a "bad deal" for the Québécois. Finally, by providing good, competent and honest government under a magnetic leader who also commands widespread respect throughout Quebec, the P.Q. could convince the Québécois that it has the capacity to govern an independent state.

It needn't turn out that way. Under the best of circumstances Quebec is not an easy province to govern. With 10 per cent of the labor force unemployed, huge debts left over from the previous government, a militant union movement, an alarmed English-speaking population, division among P.Q. members, some of whom will not be satisfied with Levesque's moderation, and cautious investors who may reduce the flow of capital—the strains of governing may rob the party of some of its present popularity. In the process, support for independence could wane as well. Ottawa's stance and that of the other provinces is another crucial, as yet undefined factor.

The modern separatist movement evolved out of the limitations and strains of the "Quiet Revolution" of the 1960s. It took the active form of a political party dedicated to achieve independence for Quebec. The failure of the electoral system to award many seats to the P.Q. in the 1970 and 1973 elections, despite its growing share of the vote, caused many to assume that it would never capture political power. Prevailing opinion is that a referendum to be held two or three years from now is bound to fail. It may, but it would be foolhardy to assume that it will.

The philosophy of the Parti Québécois is best summarized in this statement by Claude Morin, a key figure in the new Quebec Cabinet:

> An independent Quebec, because it would have all the power and because its government would finally be a real government, would be able to direct its own society and make it into the kind of society that all Québécois want: a society where the government governs, the workers work, the students study. In an independent Quebec there would be no room for extremists of the Left or the Right. The economic system would be capitalist. It won't be another world.

This point of view was amply expressed in the behavior of the P.Q. before it achieved office, in its programs and in the personnel of its first Cabinet. While the party has always espoused social reforms and from the beginning expressed full support for the modern welfare state, its leaders have deliberately separated themselves from the radicalization of the labor movement. In one of the dramatic moments leading up to the general strike in 1970 of the Common Front of public sector employees, René Levesque declared that he would rather live in a South American banana republic than in a Quebec controlled by "ranting and raving labor leaders." Yet to pacify the left wing in the party, a statement released soon afterward pledged the P.Q. "to the achievement of Labour's goals—the democratic restructuring of the social and economic system."

The relationship between the P.Q. and the working class has dogged the party from its inception. Many young left wingers joined the P.Q. in the hope that they could transform it into a Socialist party. Levesque has been consistent on the question: "Be careful," he said in 1973, "we aren't the Labour Party of Quebec. Undoubtedly there are people in the party who want it to be a party of 'power to the workers'. . . . The idea of an extreme Left Labour Party doesn't hold with us. It might hold with an extreme Left party. If only these people had the courage to found one . . . it [might] be better for Quebec and for the P.Q."

Since then much of the Left has in fact removed itself from the P.Q. and there has been some discussion about organizing a left-wing Labour Party. Nevertheless, electoral support for the P.Q. has always come mostly from working-class voters. To keep that electoral base it will have to deliver substantial social and economic benefits. With unemployment at 10 per cent (with a quarter of Canada's population, Bourassa accomplished the unenviable feat of acquiring for Quebec more than half of the unemployment that has built up in the past two years), a disastrous shortage of adequate housing, per capita income which is less than three-quarters that of Ontario —there is much ground to cover.

Yet Levesque inherits a provincial deficit of unprecedented proportions which, when combined with the current stagnation of the Canadian economy, gives him little room to maneuver. Boxed in so tightly, the P.Q. government will be the more determined to acquire greater fiscal resources from Ottawa. Under the circumstances, Levesque may be able to successfully shift the blame for the state of affairs onto Trudeau and thereby convince the Québécois that there is no advantage to staying in the Confederation.

In the short run, Levesque can expect that the euphoria which greeted his victory will win him some time for introducing changes. He has a good chance to effect a labor peace and even a quieting of wage demands that will go far to reassure businessmen that money can still be made in Quebec. But the respite can be only temporary. Working-class Québécois have already been disillusioned by the limited gains of the Quiet Revolution, which in the 1960s and early 1970s tried by reformist means to make of Quebec a modern capitalist society, and in the process rationalize its relations with Ottawa and heal the Franco-English enmities. If the P.Q.—whether as head of the province of Quebec or of an independent republic of Quebec —proves to be only an extension of the Quiet Revolution, writ larger, it is unlikely that it will retain widespread working-class support. It is noteworthy that of the three labor federations, only the Quebec Federation of Labour (QFL), representing the "international" unions, endorsed the P.Q. in the recent elections. Both the Confederation of National Trade Unions (CNTU) and the Quebec

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Teachers Corporation (CEQ) deliberately withheld official support. In explaining this decision, the president of the CNTU declared that his federation could endorse only a party that was unabashedly anti-capitalist, and that in the years ahead the CNTU would work together with others to create such a party.

In the final analysis, the P.Q. will be judged on the basis of which class interest it serves. An initial clue can be found by observing the personalities selected to serve in key Cabinet posts. Many of them are products of the Quiet Revolution, having been prominent civil servants in the government of Jean Lesage. These include Finance and Revenue Minister Jacques Parizeau, Intergovernmental Affairs Minister Claude Morin, Pierre Marois and Bernard Laudry. A few, like Minister of Energy Guy Joron, a former St. James Street broker, come from the business world. Most of the others are professionals or academics. Parizeau holds a Ph.D. from the London School of Economics and has been teaching business administration at the University of Montreal. Education Minister Jacques Yvan Morin studied at Cambridge and taught law at the University of Montreal. Psychiatrist Camille Laurin studied and practiced in Geneva, Paris and Boston before settling down to a private practice in the wealthy Outremont section of Montreal. Claude Morin studied law at Columbia University. Industry and Commerce Minister Rodrizue Tremblay is a graduate of Stanford University. Social Affairs Minister Denis Lazure is ex-chief administrator of a Montreal hospital. Municipal Affairs Minister Guy Tardiff is a criminologist and a former member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

These are a highly credentialed and cosmopolitan collection of men, a fascinating contrast to the Cabinets of recent administrations. What is more to the point, they epitomize and are the perfect expression of the new middle class that came into prominence with the Quiet Revolution. It is hardly surprising, then, that they are held in some suspicion by many leaders of the labor movement, to say nothing of left-wing militants and Socialists.

As might be expected the major thrust of the P.Q. program is the expanded role of the state: "The sovereign state of Quebec will be provided with all the instruments of power, especially regarding its work in enlarging the scale of our economy, and in doing this addressing itself to the lowly places we occupy in too many key sectors. . . ."

Levesque has already announced that enrollment in English-language schools will be fixed according to the proportion of Anglophones in the population and that all new immigrants will be required to attend French-language schools. For some of the nationalists this arrangement is far too generous, but combined with more stringent provisions for the use of French as the language of business, these measures will go some distance to halt the erosion of the French language.

In 1971 Jacques Parizeau estimated that about thirty large corporations based in Montreal could be expected to shift their headquarters if Quebec became independent. These, he thought, would be Anglo-Canadian companies, since U.S. multinational corporations already do business in dozens of countries and would take a more "sophisticated" view of Quebec independence. However, not more than 25,000 English-speaking Québécois are expected to leave in the first few years of independence.

According to the longer range program of the P.Q. an independent Quebec would undertake some economic repatriation—bringing certain specified industries back into Quebec ownership. Foreign investment (which would include English Canadians as well as U.S. and European corporate interests) would be entirely prohibited in the cultural sphere of broadcasting and publishing. Mixed ownership would be allowed in banks, trust and insurance companies, railroads, resources, and most manufacturing industries. All other fields would be uncontrolled.

This is still very much a mixed economy approach but it entails a greater degree of state control than has been the practice in North America. It is designed to provide a degree of state intervention to insure the Frenchification of business and government control over some of the key sectors. It is these long-range plans that have caused some consternation on Wall Street, Bay Street and St. James Street—the financial capitals of North America. Yet those who know anything about this class of pragmatic technocrats now prominent in the P.Q. tend to discount the plans. Quebec is not Cuba; it is not even Allende's Chile. If the P.Q. has a model it is d'Estaing's France. Any measures that led to major confrontations with foreign capital would quickly be dropped. The P.Q. stresses the lack of technological know-how in Quebec, and will not risk the loss of technology that might be involved in repatriating dynamic sectors of the economy. Continued domination of the Quebec economy by large, technologically advanced foreign companies in a semi-protected environment is almost certain. If anything, American control is likely to expand rather than recede.

Certainly during their first few weeks in office P.Q. government spokesmen have devoted much time and energy to reassuring big business that it wants its capital and that it will do nothing to compromise amicable relations with "the business community." They have confirmed that their intention is to negotiate a Common Market with Canada, following which they hope to persuade Canada to join them in negotiating a Common Market with the United States. Such are not the dreams of wild-eyed revolutionaries or even staunch economic nationalists. Indeed, it is a peculiar kind of independence that seeks to attach itself to the world's imperial center.

The thrust of the P.Q. economic program is more likely to be aimed not at the dynamic sectors but at such weak sectors as agriculture and industries like pulp and paper and textiles that are burdened with too many small companies. The goal is to rationalize and to automate, with the help of state funding. Workers who lose their jobs and farmers who lose their land by this process are to be retrained at government expense.

Social measures promised by the P.Q. include a guar-

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anteed annual income, improved benefits for pensioners, single mothers and the handicapped, and consumer protection. All of these are standard schemes of the welfare state. What alone is innovative is the idea of popular participation through advisory committees on consumer rights, housing, pension, health and the like. This procedure is central to the image of the P.Q., but whether such committees would ever get beyond consultation is a question. With its equally strong emphasis on exports and specialists, it is unlikely that the P.Q. would allow such groups to become involved in the determination of policy or to intervene in administration.

In short, the P.Q. can sustain itself in office only by maintaining working-class support. At the same time, it must achieve and retain credibility with capital, especially U.S. capital, by convincing business that it alone can insure a stable capitalist environment in Quebec. This double task is clearly perceived by the astute leadership of the P.Q. It also knows that failure could jeopardize not only its project of independence but more certainly its own term in office. The danger to the P.Q. is that it may have unleashed forces that it will not be able to control. In that case, it will turn out to have been a transitional government that will be replaced by a far more radical one. On the other hand, it could end up being a one-shot fling at independence that gives way to a more traditional bourgeois party.

What does the Parti Québécois victory mean for the future of Canada? The intention of the P.Q. is to negotiate a permanent economic association with English Canada while acquiring a monopoly of all other aspects of government. The customs union would then provide a land bridge between the several parts of Canada. A common market with common tariff policies and a common currency would mean that the Quebec economy would remain very strongly linked to that of Canada. Economic association of this order would produce a very partial independence for Quebec. As the history of the European Common Market demonstrates, however, it is an extremely awkward hybrid arrangement and one difficult to sustain. Disagreements over trade and monetary-fiscal policy that would be bound to occur could easily produce an economic paralysis and political chaos. Political separation, together with economic union, is therefore not a probable combination, but neither is it an impossible one. It can work if there is sufficient mutual will to make it work.

It is important to recognize these prospects if only to compare them with the still dimmer ones that would result if some of the alternatives to Quebec independence were adopted. For example, the Toronto *Star,* Canada's largest daily newspaper, has advanced its own position. It calls for a drastically revised federalism which would divert to the provinces (not just to Quebec) all but a few key responsibilities. Ottawa would retain sole control over trade and defense. It would consult with the provinces over monetary policy, but there also it would exercise ultimate control. Taxation and general expenditure policy would have to be coordinated among the provinces and the federal government, as they are today. But full responsibility for health, education, manpower and welfare programs would be shifted to the provinces, and each of them would therefore have to be given a far greater degree of fiscal independence than they exercise today.

Bas, Tachydromos (Greece)

Immigration and foreign policy would be determined by Ottawa, but even in those areas there would be room for some decentralization. It is conceded that in matters under its jurisdiction, Quebec could deal directly with foreign governments, including the delivery of foreign aid. So too, presumably, could other provincial governments.

It is not easy to see how that kind of federalism would be preferable to a Levesque-style custom and monetary union. At least under his proposal there is a possibility that two effective central governments could exercise some economic control. Under the *Star*'s proposal, or one like it, Canada would devolve into ten provincial potentates and an impotent federal government.

Certainly several provincial governments other than Quebec are attracted to the idea of greater provincial autonomy. Alberta and Saskatchewan want greater control over their petroleum resources; British Columbia wants greater control over its natural gas. Decentralization fits right into their game plans. The wealthy province of Ontario could easily join the movement. Levesque would then have allies in English Canada! On the other hand, resource-bare provinces have much to be concerned about. They need a strong central government to confer on them some of the wealth from the rest of the country. For such provinces the economic justification for Canada would largely disappear if the policy of regional equalization were to be downgraded. And it would have to be downgraded if the fiscal resources of Ottawa were dramatically reduced.

The express hope of the federationists is to keep Canada whole while giving the provinces enough scope so that the Québécois could exercise a high degree of self-determination within their own boundaries. That division of power comes close enough to the goals of

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Levesque that, if it were seriously offered, he might find it acceptable. For the rest of Canada it is an incredibly stupid and dangerous course of action. It would mean the Balkanization of the country into ten semi-independent provinces, none of which would have the size and power to protect its population from southern corporate exploitation. A Canada that includes Quebec but has a weak central government would be more feeble and defenseless than a united and cohesive Canada without Quebec.

Thus far, the federal government has not revealed its strategy. One hopes that by now it has seen the futility of its bilingualism program. French-Canadian language rights outside Quebec may be well enough intentioned, but they are utterly irrelevant to the aspirations of the Québécois and will no longer protect the English-language rights of Montreal's Anglo population.

The most sensible approach has always been associate statehood for Quebec. This recognizes that Quebec *is* unique among the provinces and *does* need more powers than the others do. Within Confederation, Quebec would be given greater power vis-à-vis Ottawa, while the status quo could remain in effect between Ottawa and the other nine provinces—or, better yet, there could be a recentralization of power among them. But particular status for Quebec has never been accepted in English Canada and is even less likely to be acceptable now. However, it could come anyway, and in the more extreme form that Levesque intends to negotiate.

Much of what has been said in the last few paragraphs is speculative, and necessarily so. The federal government may refuse to give an inch in the negotiations with Quebec; it may give a little or be prepared to devolve much of its present powers. The separatist movement may collapse under the pressure of an inflexible federal government and a stagnating economy. It might be replaced by a right-wing or a left-wing government. Or it might successfully carry through its plans for an independent Quebec.

Whatever happens in the next short while, there is no doubt that the regions of Canada are drifting apart. Quebec is not the only force working for its decapitation. Over the past quarter century the drive toward continentalism has created a north-south connection that is at least as strong as any east-west connection. Ontario is as much an economic suburb of Michigan as it is the center of Canada. British Columbia is as much a northern extension of the Pacific West Coast as it is the west coast province of Canada. Alberta's oil and natural gas fields are as much a continental property as they are Canadian property. The Canadian north, in particular, is an American frontier as much as it is a Canadian one. In short, the cumulative effect of cultural and economic continentalism may have already sapped the will of Canada to survive as a united nation. The victory of the Parti Québécois has created colossal uncertainties, but it is not only Quebec's role in Canada that is in question. □

PEST CONTROL POLITICS

THE COSMETICS OF AGRIBUSINESS

ROBERT WULIGER

It is a common supposition, and among scientists an article of faith, that scientific conclusions arise out of a disinterested search for truth. Research is to be organized, presented, constructively criticized, and completed with no other regard.

On this assumption, Prof. Robert van den Bosch, a Berkeley entomologist and chairman of the Division of Biological Control at the University of California at Berkeley, was awarded a $54,701 contract by the Environmental Protection Agency, effective in June 1974, to investigate the effects of market standards for foods on pesticide use. The purpose of the study was to weigh the social advantages of maintaining cosmetic quality in produce against the environmental disadvantages of the increased need for chemical pesticides to achieve that surface perfection.

EPA's concern was that undue emphasis upon the minor disfigurations caused by some insects on the appearance of fruit (such as cricket eyes) was forcing the inordinate use of pesticides. A comprehensive evaluation of the problem would involve state and federal quality standards for fresh and processed produce as well as for the use of pesticides; the cosmetic standards set by food retailers and processors such as Safeway, A&P, and Del Monte; the hazards of pesticide exposure to farm workers, to the general population, to wildlife, and to the balance of nature; and the monopoly implications of both marketing cooperatives (like Sunkist Growers) and the cushion of the federal marketing orders that were instituted during the Great Depression to help steady a despairing national agriculture. To cover these disparate areas, Dr. van den Bosch organized a Berkeley interdisciplinary task force, to be supervised by himself: Prof. Richard Norgaard, an agricultural economist in the Department of Agricultural and Resource Economics; Prof. Richard Buxbaum, from Berkeley's Boalt Hall School of Law; and Dr. Richard Garcia, a medical entomologist in the College of Natural Resources, with a master's degree in Public Health. The work force that was to do the actual legwork was headed by Martin Brown, a graduate student in agricultural economics, with a background in medical physics.

Before the task force was formed and, in fact, even

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before van den Bosch had been officially notified that he had been awarded the EPA contract, he received a phone call. The gruff voice of a representative of one of the large food-processing companies asked him how he had got the contract.

"Oh, did I get it?"

"Yes, you did, and we don't like it."

"That's too bad," said van den Bosch, who is virtually unflappable. "I suppose that EPA must have considered me the most highly qualified applicant."

"Well," said the agent of financial truth, "we're going to take the matter over your head, to the university's vice president for agricultural sciences."

To assist what Professor van den Bosch then considered a quixotic opposition, he sent the corporation representative a copy of the outline which had won the contract. Several days later, the University Biological Control Station heard that a lobbyist for the National Food Processors organization had visited the university vice president's office to question van den Bosch's competence for the job. At the same time, it was also learned that a former chemical industry executive in the vice president's office had been impugning van den Bosch's qualifications to, among others, the Environmental Protection Agency. University colleagues who had been approached by this man informed van den Bosch.

The task force began its work. The literature was studied, and the statutes were assessed. There were interviews within the whole spectrum of pest control: bureaucrats, agricultural commissioners, food processors, pesticide industry people, university researchers and extension agents, private pest control advisers, retailers, California state produce quality inspectors. A questionnaire was drawn up to complement the physical interviewing. Says Dr. van den Bosch:

> Well, along the route we began to get feedback. I might add that I never got any praise from the university for getting this contract and placing it in the format of the new College of Natural Resources and its altruistic approach to environmental problems, but I did begin to get complaints from the university. First, they didn't like our use of a special letterhead for the project. Then they supported the allegation of an agricultural commissioner that our questionnaire was inadequate, poorly written, and carelessly prepared. And then they objected to Martin Brown's being the working force coordinator. He had been highly recommended and, in fact, he lived up to and performed beyond the recommendations; he was extremely diligent, resourceful, bright and effective. So instead of praise, we got nothing but static from the university administration. I got the impression that they were somewhat embarrassed by our operation, and that is not surprising when you consider their position vis-à-vis the big agricultural, industrial, financial and commercial interests which try to dominate California society. Even the most sincerely scientific and truth-oriented university administrator is bound to spend his tenure of office between the upper and nether millstones. We like to think that we are the upper.

As the interviews proceeded, the task force found itself being stonewalled at all levels among the bureaucrats, the food processors, the agricultural commissioners, other researchers and agricultural extension people.

> They simply would not communicate very freely and openly with us, and their assessments of our questions were very contradictory. But we managed to work our way through the maze of these interviews and other resource analysis, in particular the literature. This brought us to the point where we felt we had to interview growers. To be efficient and effective, we would prepare a questionnaire for use by the Association of Applied Insect Entomologists . . . the California group of independent pest-control advisers. These people were to interview a selected group of growers—we reckoned that forty or fifty would give us the fair sampling we needed to complement our other research. We set up a subcontract for $2,500 out of our $54,701, with the AAIE, worked out a questionnaire, and were ready to get into action when we got a call from EPA: we couldn't do it. A provision in the statutes limited such a questionnaire to nine interviews, except by special permission of the Office of Management and Budget. This was news to us but not to a certain adviser to EPA who, we were told, had called the matter to EPA's attention. Why? Was he just being a dutiful part of the machinery?
>
> At any rate, after Richard Buxbaum, our legal teammate, had confirmed the existence of the regulation, we applied—with forms and procedures—to OMB for special permission. Several weeks passed and nothing happened. We phoned EPA in Washington. They told us that some of the questions hadn't been answered correctly and that information was missing. Would we correct and fill in.
>
> They returned the form, we complied, sent it back, heard nothing for several more weeks, and then phoned them again. This time they objected that our subcontractors, the Association of Applied Insect Entomologists, because of their commitment to an integrated control system using both chemical pesticides and biological counter predators, could not be objective. We told the EPA that technicians not committed to any single control method were the most objective people on the scene, with no ax to grind. Back to Washington went the matter, with EPA promising to carry our views to OMB. Nothing happened again for several weeks. We called again and asked, "What's going on now?"
>
> This time the EPA man told us that OMB simply wasn't going to allow the special permission—the use of $2,500 from the EPA grant, to broaden our sampling of interviews of growers. I asked why not, and when I got no satisfaction from the EPA man, I requested a direct talk with the OMB man in charge of our problem. The EPA man said that he would check the matter out and call me back.
>
> When nothing happened for several weeks more, and I had no return call, I got on the phone to Washington and the EPA man, and I said, "Hey, what's going on here? When am I going to get into contact with this OMB guy?"
>
> The answer came back. The EPA man was nearly hysterical, and he said, "Look, Van, cool it. OMB said that this is the end of the line. There's going to be no more. They're turning this thing down."
>
> The man at EPA gave the impression that if EPA didn't back out of this thing, their budget might be very carefully scrutinized. What could I do?
>
> We had to forget it or dig up $2,500 somewhere else. Given time and luck, we might have found the

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money somewhere, but we had lost a great deal of time already, nobody was in any position to go around scrounging, and no angel appeared out of the sky. So we got along on our nine interviews, which we concentrated among citrus ranchers. And all that the OMB ever told us was: "That's the end of the line." There were no reasons given for denying us $2,500 out of a vast federal budget and out of funds already allotted us, so that we could reinforce a study that had vital implications for growers, merchants, farm workers, and the public.

After having lost three or four months, the task force interviewed its citrus growers, put together all the pieces of the project, and began to integrate the report into a single document. Workers were moving into and out of the program, concurrent obligations were arising, van den Bosch was continuing his international search for insect enemies of crop pests (he read proofs of the draft report in Afghanistan), but the job was finally completed. The draft document, the obligation of the task force to EPA, was ready. This was a rough report for review and criticism by EPA and by peers, after which a final draft was to be worked out and turned over to EPA. A few bits and pieces, in customary scientific fashion, were released, with EPA's permission, for specialized publication. The magazine *Environment* published one fragment on citrus quality and another on the toxication of farm workers by pesticides. Jack Anderson and the Sacramento *Bee,* with additional research, expanded upon these two articles.

EPA then sent the draft around for review and constructive criticism. One copy went to an organization called the Council of Agricultural Science and Technology (CAST), an advocacy group for the broader use of pesticides. CAST, founded in 1972, is supported by dues prorated among its members, with about two-thirds of its annual $100,000 budget coming from agribusiness corporations. Some of CAST's supporting members (aside from scientific societies, whose own members pay dues of $1 a year) are American Cyanamid, Dow Chemical, E. I. du Pont, Eli Lilly Co., Monsanto Co., Montrose Chemical Corp. of California, Prentiss Drug & Chemical Corp., Pueblo Chemical & Supply Co., Shell Chemical Co., Thompson-Hayward Chemical Co., Union Carbide Corp., Upjohn Co., and Woolfolk Chemical Works. These companies supply chemicals, including pesticides and drugs, to all phases of the food industry. American agricultural scientists seem solidly behind CAST, whose primary function is correlated with the production of reports on agricultural science subjects by task forces whose members are drawn mainly from scientific societies affiliated with CAST. The Entomological Society of America (ESA), with some 27 per cent of its 7,000 members voting, recently decided to affiliate with CAST.

When the peer reports on the task force's rough draft began filtering back in, the criticisms fitted into a normal pattern of intensity. There was, however, one glaring exception: the criticism from CAST.

"I would say that it was fashioned so that it could be an attack rather than a constructive criticism," Dr. van den Bosch asserts. "We expected and welcomed criticism . . . but the CAST criticism went far beyond the usual bounds. Still, we knew how to assimilate it. But what we could not easily tolerate was CAST's sending copies of this confidential rough draft out to their friends in the ag-trade magazine business. The report was not at all ready for that kind of distribution. . . . It was a rough draft, and it should not have been treated as if it were a final study. I question CAST's ethics in this matter. In the end, however, that is a side issue. The main point now is to know just what will appear in the final EPA version of our report, and what will be the practical consequences. A number of pesticides now in customary use are coming up for re-registration. What is more, the Federal Trade Commission has been studying the possible monopoly implications of the marketing orders system which supports the application of cosmetic standards to growers' harvests. It is almost amusing that the politics of trip-wiring used against our report have made it such an issue that even a hypothetical soft-pedaling in an edited final version by the EPA could not now lessen our impact very much. I do not say that the EPA will do that or has ever had it in mind: I do say that it is refreshing to see that American agribusiness politicians and publicists have not yet learned the fine, sneaky touch. In fact, they are rather dumb."

The 233-page Berkeley report, *Investigation of the Effects of Food Standards on Pesticide Use,* comes to several salient conclusions bearing upon the main theme that an overuse of pesticides is forced upon growers by the demands of mass buyers, that is, supermarket chains, for produce that is flawless in appearance. The level of acceptable insect contamination, as the Berkeley report (and a similar study by Prof. David Pimentel of Cornell) argues, does not call for the quantities of pesticides which are now increasing the profits of the chemical people, the costs to the growers, and the prices that the public must pay for fruit whose nutritional quality and taste are in no way enhanced by the chemical treatment.

As for the buying public, van den Bosch points out privately that the freer, less strictly graded choice available in any European country has provided growers with greater independence, and consumers with better and cheaper food. American marketing cooperatives, such as Sunkist Growers, are able, with the assistance of the government marketing orders system and the tie-ups within agribusiness, to force uneconomic, unjust and environmentally hazardous practices. "In the attempt to suppress insect pest populations to the extremely low levels required by cosmetic quality standards and insect parts standards, the agro-ecosystem may be altered so that the resurgence of a more serious noncosmetic pest is favored." The Berkeley Biological Control approach, which uses pesticides along with the natural enemies of the predatory insects, in mixes appropriate to particular problems, would be less hazardous to useful insects, to farm workers, and to wildlife, as well as less expensive. One study by the AAIE in cooperation with Berkeley's Dr. Charles Summers implies that integrated controls could reduce the cost of pesticides used on canning tomatoes by more than 50 per cent. Studies on other crops by researchers at Berkeley and elsewhere arrive at analogous results.

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The report concludes that the application of cosmetic standards seems to militate against either the adoption of integrated pest management, or its full use. The grower, especially when he is corraled into a marketing cooperative, dare not reduce his pesticides, lest he will lose the prime source of revenue—the fresh-fruit market—and be forced to sell his crops at the much lower price for by-products production. In the chronically overproduced California-Arizona citrus industry, more than 20 per cent of navel oranges and 40 per cent of Valencias must be sold for juice or by-products at little or no net return to the growers. The price per box for California navels to be processed in the period from 1970 to 1974 was about 15 per cent of the price for those being sent to consumer markets; of Valencias for the same period, about 7 per cent. The pressure is on to produce "perfect" oranges. But if oranges that are culled today for size or for blemishes unrelated to either taste quality or health hazards were to be marketed freely, consumers would benefit, as would growers, in the fashion of markets for oranges in Italy, Spain, Greece and the rest of Europe, where produce is bought primarily for price and taste.

Because of the refusal of the Office of Management and Budget to grant the Berkeley task force the use of $2,500 from the EPA allocation for expanding its research into more areas, oranges became the focus of this study. It can be assumed, however, that similar situations exist for other crops supported by the marketing orders system.

Professor van den Bosch is certain that if his study had been made by someone less known for forthrightness and an unwillingness to compromise his scientific findings, the flak barrage would have been much less severe. Because he pulls no punches and because his scientific credentials cannot be impugned, he arouses strong feelings in the agribusiness camp. He causes consternation among university administrators who must look at "the whole picture"—good relations with the state legislature, whose annual grants are the lifeblood of the university; regents who sit on the boards of big business, big banking, big labor; faculties with mortgaged homes in the beautiful Berkeley hills; taxpayers mesmerized by the PR of the media; industry arguments that pesticides have made possible the growth and present productivity of agriculture. With this last, the Biological Control scientists will not argue, except to say that pesticides, like nuclear energy, must be used with skill and understanding in an environment that can become so out of balance that it may destroy many of the fruits of scientific progress (and much of the human race along with them). The "integrated pest management" for which Robert van den Bosch and his colleagues are fighting does use pesticides, but only as a phase of a strategy involving "all the factors that impinge on the environment" and considering, along with the welfare of the grower, the welfare of other groups in the society.

One section of the *Investigation of the Effects of Food Standards on Pesticide Use* deals with the effect of pesticide use in California on farm workers, on the general population, on the agro-ecosystem and on wildlife, with attention to synergistic, carcinogenic and mutagenic effects. The report concludes that, "despite the paucity of systematic studies and the problems inherent in many of the studies that have been conducted . . . it is clear that negative impacts associated with pesticide use in California cannot be dismissed as trivial. This conclusion holds in regard to acute and chronic effects on the health of occupationally exposed individuals, to possible carcinogenic and mutagenic effects for the general population, and in regard to the disruption of ecosystems, including those ecosystems involving wildlife as well as agricultural production itself. When evaluating the effect of cosmetic food quality standards on overall social welfare, it is necessary that these substantial negative impacts of pesticide use be taken into account. This has not been done in the past, either because the knowledge of such negative impacts was not available, or because those who have felt the negative impacts most directly have not had political or economic channels through which effectively to modify pesticide use decisions."

The agricultural trade press and the agricultural scientists who create or lean to its views have attacked the report for assuming that integrated pest management is a technique sufficiently developed to deal with pest situations that only pesticides can now handle. Van den Bosch argues that the indiscriminate use of pesticides, without regard for the subtleties of natural control of insect populations, can precipitate a global pest disaster. His forthcoming book, *Bug Bomb*, presents this thesis in language clear to the layman.

At any rate, there are strong differences of opinion, and they are not confined to scholarly debates in search of truth. Marketing orders, which are, in effect, restrictions of supply that create vested interests for particular economic groups, are not apt to be voluntarily abandoned. It is no wonder that the Berkeley report has been creating seismic political disruptions. If the guidelines of the integrated pest management were to be broadly applied, they could put some restraint on the ambitions of a $3 billion to $4 billion industry with a tremendous capital investment to amortize. The CAST review of the Berkeley report implies that the evidence adduced is insufficient to justify any such restraint.

The problem now is how the Berkeley task force is going to fight back against its powerful opponents. Criticisms that the report is too long and spread over too many areas, and that it can stand editing and toning down, can be incorporated in the final report for EPA. Whether EPA and the Federal Trade Commission will then be able to sort out the main points, or will even be allowed to do so, is the question.

The integrated control people fear that ecosystems may be so affected by the unheeding use of pesticides that insect species will become immune to chemical controls after their natural enemies have been decimated by these same controls, and many of the earth's other biological inhabitants will be helpless before the insects. This possibility lends urgency to the Berkeley report and to other efforts by integrated pest-management scientists. Robert van den Bosch, like the Federation of Atomic Scientists and Rachel Carson, is animated by concerns more compelling than bread and butter or even individual illness and death. He worries for the future of humanity. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Without Perspiration

GALA. *By Paul West. Harper & Row. 207 pp. $8.95.*

WALTON BEACHAM

Paul West is probably tired of being called an "intelligent writer," and finding himself compared to Anthony Burgess and Vladimir Nabokov book after book. After all, Burgess and Nabokov are not compared to anyone—nor Graham Greene, nor Lawrence Durrell, nor C.P. Snow. Worse, Paul West is probably tired of being categorized as an English writer and set in the tradition of those he admires: D. H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster.

Now, that's a lot of name dropping for the beginning of a review, and yet it establishes West as he sees himself, and as his works reflect his artistic aims. For Paul West is a complicated man—his books almost as complex—full of enormous energy which he has somehow never managed to unleash, although his works are impressive and the list of them nearly as long as those of the writers he admires. There is a trilogy of novels; numerous scholarly books on the modern novel, Byron, and criticism; several collections of poetry; several more novels; his widely acclaimed biography/autobiography, *Words for a Deaf Daughter*; and now his latest nonfictional fiction, *Gala*.

To complicate an already complex philosophy of art and life, West is a declared expatriate from England, living in America and yet unwilling to accept the American novel, the American critic's notions of literature, or the American propensity toward romanticism. Burgess, Durrell, Snow and Greene are no different, of course, and there's an obstinacy, perhaps even a cantankerousness, as the English resist the sentimentality of belated American romanticism and Southern Gothicism as it manifests itself in just about every writer, from William Faulkner to Ken Kesey. These Englishmen pride themselves on writing with the intellect, and West says in *The Modern Novel* that Graham Greene is head and shoulders ahead of other novelists because he uses his mind.

Of course writers use their minds—that's an obviously provocative thing for a writer to say and for a reviewer to pick out and pick on—and yet West means more than that when he talks about the intellect, and why he is so annoyed by the term "sensibility," and so distrustful of myth as a psychological basis for fiction. And if we, as readers, are ever to understand and appreciate West, as we finally learned to appreciate Burgess and Nabokov after so many embarrassing misperceptions, then we must establish how he uses the mind, through metaphor, to impose order on a disordered universe.

In his critical essays, West says that metaphor is the means by which the mind can search for relationships which will settle the heart, and he proposes an intriguing premise for art. Modern man's inclination, West says, is to ask, "why is there chaos in life?" when the question should be, "why is there any order at all?" What is it about creation that makes us expect an ordered existence when there is so much evidence to suggest randomness as the probable basis of human existence? West offers as a working axiom that we cannot assume order as a means of questioning disorder, except as the mind is capable of imposing metaphor, and it is the mind that so troubles West and haunts his books.

In *Words for a Deaf Daughter*, one of the most difficult matters for West to accept is that Mandy is not only stone deaf but that she may also be brain damaged. For years the parents sustain hope that Mandy's difficulties with life are a result of her hearing defect, and much of the sympathy and emotion of Mandy's story comes when the parents, having finally learned that their daughter does not possess normal intelligence, are able to allow Mandy her own world and to accept it as if it were theirs.

With good reason, West is preoccupied with Mandy's life and devotes himself to learning how to communicate with her. The result is that West discovers two things: that Mandy orders her life according to perceptions which are entirely different from his own; and that dignity is the basis for sanity. Human dignity is best personified when man feels that he has the right to rage; the implication is that we somehow rage against the disorder which the mind can't control as it attempts to make chaos metaphorical.

Why Mandy has been afflicted becomes the undercurrent in *Words*. That is to say, or to ask, why the cosmic order, or disorder, appears so random in selecting mutation. Sharks, West discovers in his search for metaphors and the sense of Mandy's handicap, have two serious malfunctions: first, they are not equipped with any sort of flotation device as are other fish, and must therefore swim continuously from the moment of birth until death or they'll sink to the ocean's bottom; second, they do not have the proper assortment of fins to make controlled turns possible, or to slow themselves once they've gained momentum. Thus, they spend their lives in continual motion which they can control only with difficulty, and yet, for some strange reason, sharks have survived longer in their present form than any other known creature.

There is no sense to the sharks' mutation, nor to why evolution hasn't corrected it, and the plight of the shark is a metaphor which has a great deal to do with Mandy—West knows this because his mind decrees it. Mandy tears her way through life, and will perish only when she forgets to swim and sinks to the bottom of a sea which is inaccessible to everyone but her, and particularly forbidding to West's probing, rational intellect. When father and daughter do touch each other, it is in mutual anger to discover what inside of them must come out, and West knows that the beast inside is an emotional response to the intellectual paradoxes of harmony and disorder. In all his imaginative books from *The Snow Leopard* (poems), to the trilogy, to *Colonel Mint* (novel), West establishes a world in which the competition between structure and disorder drives man deeper into himself, so that if he ever emerges, it is as a creature who is frantic to control those forces larger than himself. He cries against the cosmos in defiance of his subservience, and struggles to establish order over the chaos as proof of his autonomy.

No wonder, then, that with all this behind him West feels compelled to try to release himself from his daughter by

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exploring the universe with her. He is like a god, who having formed an imperfect creation must diminish his responsibility by giving his creature his own powers and freedom. *Gala,* says West in the preface, is a kind of wish fulfillment, by which he means that he can establish through imagination a relationship with his daughter that is impossible in real life. *Gala* is a "fictional sequel" to *Words for a Deaf Daughter*—it is Mandy come home at age 14 from her special school in England for a two-week reunion with her father. "Gala" means celebration; it means Galatea; it means galaxy, but it is much more. The novel attempts to impose order on two lives by reducing the universe to Mandy's level of understanding and making her its master. If he can give her that, she will control her own destiny and like the shark will compensate for her affliction.

Mandy's fictional name is Milk (from Michaela); the father's is Deulius. He is Daedalus designing wings so that Icarus can escape the labyrinth, but this time the progeny will fly to the depths of outer space—to the Milky Way, and ride its mythical constellations as if they were bucking broncos. In the basement of their Florida house, Deulius, Milk and Deulius's mistress, Pi, paint, drill and wire an electric universe, and the progress which the trio makes toward completing the project coincides with the time when Milk must return to her systematized life in England. These two weeks with Deulius represent her flight, and quite literally Milk loves to soar. The novel is full of planes, kites and all types of modern alchemy which cast their spell and tint an impossible escape with magic. Deulius is a Pygmalion who, through a passion for his creation, brings Galatea alive and imbues her with a spirit of his own. But West, unlike Pygmalion, understands that he does not want to possess what he has created, no more than Daedalus can command Icarus not to fly to the sun.

Given wings, who wouldn't fly as high as the Milky Way? Only Daedalus and Paul West, for West recognizes the metaphor of labyrinths and the paradox of controlling the intellect so masterfully that Daedalus can design an ordered system complex enough that even he cannot escape it. The labyrinth—as maze, as galaxy, as a deaf child—is a world of chaos to those who are trapped by it, and one of perfect structure to those outside. The labyrinth confuses its victim, but in a paradoxical way, also protects, as the cosmos confuses and protects, and even though Daedalus cannot escape his own chaotic labyrinth except through flight, he understands the nature of its order and isn't frightened by its apparent randomness. Only Icarus, who doesn't understand, feels that he must flee or be crushed by the bestial Minotaur.

With this kind of texture to his stories, West would expect to be called an "intelligent writer" and to be compared to his countrymen. What else can you say about a writer who possesses superior intellect, education, craft and a heart consumed by the black hole of emotion? Critics want to praise West because they sense the potential energy which all his works contain, and because they don't quite understand how he comes so close to making his stories explode in our faces, only to defuse them at the last moment. American critics would like to say of *Gala,* as they have said in a flair of controversy about his other books, that West has not freed himself from himself; that he is chained to the confines of the mind, and that as long as this prevails, he will never quite convey the heights and depths of the human heart in conflict with itself. And West, of course, would say to these romanticists that the range of the mind is so much greater than the puny spirit of the heart.

Evaluating the merits of Paul West's books is a difficult matter for all of us who are trying to decide whether readers and critics make any difference to art as it exists for its own sake and ours, and I suspect that West will continue to be called "intelligent" long after his readers finally come to see that Burgess and Greene are not intelligent writers in the same sense. But maybe not. West has earned all the adjectives his critics use in praise of him—"triumphant, masterful, brilliant. . . ." *Words* is a sympathetic book for anyone who feels responsible for anyone else, afflicted or not, and West's use of the intellect in that book may be the only way he can deal with such an intensely emotional and pathetic situation which, as the critics have said, "is not gloomy sad, but world sad." Certainly, *Gala* is the inevitable sequel to it, and West's impressive variety of books establishes clearly that he is a gifted man. And yet . . . and yet. . . .

In *Words for a Deaf Daughter,* West develops a maxim which defines Mandy's world and his own as father of a dam-

Burn Down the Icons, a book of poems by Grace Schulman, poetry editor of *The Nation,* has just been published by Princeton University Press ($7.50 cloth, $3.95 paper).

POEM

after Donald Justice

This was a poem for you,
then, in another time,
perhaps the rain descending
like scales on a piano,
the arm of someone thrown up
in passing, too far away
to be meant for you,
it will never comfort you,
you will vanish before
it is over, although the words
seem familiar, they are not your destination
as you turn the corner
on a day like today,
passing without recognition,
neither in rags nor any purple fashion,
but black like the sky over this poem,
and it does not matter
it will begin again just as
you will begin again,
selling carnations or leading an orchestra
with a single gesture, your arms open,
arms open, dressed
in the silence you were sworn to,
trying to find your place on the map,
lost at the crossroads,
then, in another time.

Julie Mishkin

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aged child: "you discover what you discover because you have lost what you've lost." What West discovers at the end of *Gala* is that he, not Milk, has flown beyond the sun and like Pi must travel to infinity before he can close the open end of an indefinite number. *Gala* convinces us of that, and in doing so turns the story into Deulius's, not Milk's. And yet it is Milk who speaks for us all metaphorically, and West knows this even if he can't write the story without making it his own.

At the very end of the novel, after Milk has been returned to school, Deulius visits his mother who lives in England, and she asks if Milk has been good during her visit in Florida. "Good?" says Deulius. "She was perfect. Know what she did? Aired my pajamas for me on the second day by draping them over the folding chair on the balcony. Aired my pajamas even though they weren't damp."

What else can a critic say? Milk has made a metaphor for the metaphor of love, if only West's body would sweat a little. □

Essential Innocence

THOUGHT, WORDS AND CREATIVITY: Art and Thought in Lawrence. *By F.R. Leavis. Oxford University Press. 156 pp. $10.*

JACK BEATTY

Although intended as a connected argument, this book is really two separate texts. One is comprised of cogent readings of certain of D.H. Lawrence's novels and tales; the other is a diatribe against aspects of the British literary situation which Dr. Leavis thinks inimical to "creativity, literature and mankind." With such momentous things at stake, it is hardly surprising that the polemicist in Leavis should rout the critic, that his virtue should stiffen his intelligence. What we have here then are two stances, two tones, back of which are different movements of mind. In the first, Leavis identifies himself with Lawrence, gets inside Lawrence's work, makes articulate what Lawrence obliquely suggests, speaks of Lawrence's "intentions," and happily violates other taboos of academic criticism in a superbly imaginative *reading* of Lawrence. He shows how Lawrence's art was at the same time thought, profound thought, about "life"—an eminently Laurentian word Leavis confesses embarrassment in using, but which his exposition succeeds in making intelligible. In the second text Leavis identifies Lawrence with himself and enlists Lawrence in his dreary quarrel with the British Establishment. The effect of this constant carping at Professor Kermode, Mr. John Gross, *The Times Literary Supplement*, the "pro-democratic enlightenment," and the British Arts Council, is to leave one doubting the adequacy of the first text, which undertakes to "constate," in Leavis's odd word, that D.H. Lawrence is of "vital importance in the current human crisis."

Why? Because, Leavis tells us, Lawrence has diagnosed the malady at the heart of our civilization; he knows where health lies, and he can show us the way. Lawrence lived, lived supremely, and if we attend to what he is telling us in his books, we too can have his "spontaneous fullness of being." We have only to live from "the source," "the wellhead," "the unknown," in which our being is rooted but the life-giving flow of which is blocked by "ego, will and idea," usurpers, which reproduce in our psyches the mechanization of our "technologico-Benthamite civilization." We have only to live from the source to be saved. For Leavis, it will be seen, Lawrence is more than a writer: he is a force, a prophet, a prototype.

But Lawrence died in 1930. Why hasn't his health-giving message brought health? There has been a cabal, Leavis darkly intimates. For 1930 was also the year "Mr." Kingsley Martin (as Leavis repeatedly refers to him, each "Mr." an aggressive refusal of Martin) assumed the editorship of the *New Statesman*, which, "while it mattered," became the organ of a coterie. In the pages of the *New Statesman* the "Metropolitan Literary World" reviewed one another's books. They made Auden a major poet and, for a season, Spender a second Shelley. Meanwhile, "Mr." T.S. Eliot was writing Lawrence down ("an incapacity for what we ordinarily call thinking") in *Criterion*, a dangerous journal of literary opinion. After Eliot and Martin came the deluge: the BBC, the Third Programme, the British Arts Council, Professor Kermode, *Encounter*, and Mr. John Gross and his *T.L.S.* Combined, these men and institutions have destroyed the English "educated public," to do which is "to kill English literature . . . as a living influence and the possibility of significant new creation in the present."

"What chance," Leavis asks plaintively, "had potential creative originality of developing after 1930?" He himself tried to give it a chance during his editorship of *Scrutiny* (1932-53). *Scrutiny* died for want of funds and too much competition subsidized by the British Arts Council, but during its twenty years it rallied a remnant of the "educated public." Since its demise, according to Leavis, an educated public in England has effectively ceased to exist, although he now sees grounds for believing that such a group, united in the conviction of Lawrence's genius, is in process of formation. Their numbers are small, but they have "life" on their side, so Leavis has a faith "unrelated to optimism" that they will prevail.

We have a chain: the creative genius and the spreading of his salubrious influence through a journal to the educated public, to society at large, to the consciousness of the age, to the human future. Leavis believes in the power of the Word. And Shelley, Dr. Johnson and Matthew Arnold stand behind him. No doubt this belief, that literature counts, that it can have a positive effect on the world, gives Leavis's criticism the "life, grapple and force" he did not find in Eliot's. But surely even the partisan of literature must sense in his position an innocence almost radical, a wish that society be susceptible to improvement by pedagogy, a quixotic hope that an educated public—an "elite" not a coterie—could make a difference.

For Johnson literature did all it could by instructing while it delighted; for Arnold, it discharged its mission by being a "criticism of life." Johnson was a worldly man, had suffered physical privation, gone without food and shelter, and so he knew the obduracy of social reality first-hand; he knew what the spirit had to contend with. As for Arnold, to the very end of his career he was immersed in society in his capacity as a school inspector, poring over the examination papers of half-literate grammar school boys, a melancholy witness to the wholesale blighting of young lives by the ruthlessness of industrial society. Moreover, Arnold was deeply involved in politics—real politics, not the literary sort. He was a partisan in the great public issues of his day, and his hopes for literature are muted by his sense of the primacy of force and

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power in history, their brute dominion over the things of the spirit, over consciousness, over books.

One looks in vain for this kind of worldliness in Leavis. He can write the following in the epigraph to his recent *The Living Principle*:

> If you believe in humanity at all you will know that nothing today is more important than to keep alive the essential university-function and what goes with it: the idea of an educated public.

And he expects wide agreement that nothing *is* more important. What the world needs is an educated public: It would be ludicrous if it weren't, in its complete sincerity, touching. Leavis has been too long at Cambridge. He carried his pocket Milton through World War I only to return to Cambridge where, in 1924, he became *Dr.* Leavis, the title supplanting his first name, signifying the transformation of the man into the pedagogue. The Muses, George Steiner has quipped, have conferred but two doctorates: Johnson's and Leavis's. Johnson's, however, was an honorary doctorate; poverty forced him to quit Cambridge for the hardscrabble life of a hack writer on Grub Street. Leavis has never left. Writing of the group around *Scrutiny* in his notorious Richmond Lecture, "Two Cultures?," he says proudly, "We were of the essential Cambridge and we knew it." Being of the essential Cambridge his belief in the power of books is not surprising; indeed it is moving. And one wishes one didn't have to say that his lifetime at Cambridge seems to have unfitted him for making normative pronouncements about the world beyond it. □

Moderate Ambitions

HENRY AND CATO. *By Iris Murdoch. The Viking Press. 375 pp. $8.95.*

THE TAKEOVER. *By Muriel Spark. The Viking Press. 266 pp. $8.95.*

ANDREW ROSENHEIM

The tradition of American letters allows little room for the novelist of moderate ambition. If our novelists have had a traditional stance, it has invariably been a grand one; the small, polished, and respectable novel has never been subject to much American praise. To hope that each new novel was "way past what I thought I could do," as Hemingway said, is only one example of the extent to which American writers have felt forced to produce greatness. More recently, the lengthy hiatuses between books for such writers as Vance Bourjaily and Joseph Heller seem as much a result of the pressure to live up to past performance as of an aversion to writing itself. Moreover the myth of "The Great American Novel" is an ambitious creation of novelists and critics, rather than an expression of reader demand.

But if American fiction's cult of ambition makes a diffident muse, it can also lay the ground for impressive achievements. Two recent English novels, *The Takeover* by Muriel Spark and *Henry and Cato* by Iris Murdoch, illustrate the difference between a literature where only the greatest ambition is rewarded with excited praise, and one in which critical response, whether of approval or dislike, is necessarily moderate. Both novels are disappointing, and neither is redeemed by any demonstrable magnitude of effort.

Of the two books, Spark's is the more disappointing. Bizarre settings, comic dialogue, and an inclination toward the moral fable have been her particular strengths in the past. In *The Takeover*, none of these is very much in evidence. The novel, instead, has features that resemble, curiously enough, those most typical of Murdoch's fictions. It is as if two strangers, long mistaken for sisters, decided that they were, after all, related. The similarity is most obvious in *The Takeover*'s cast of characters: they include an aging English homosexual who writes, a wealthy American heiress, an international con man working on the highest levels of society, and an opportunistic servant, more slimy than sensual, who plays gigolo and thief—in short, a Murdochian cast, spread across all social strata and including several nationalities. But the resemblance to Murdoch stops short of Murdoch's dense intellectualism, her deeply imagined characters and deft use of the omniscient narrator. All that remains in *The Takeover* are the movements of characters whose relationships are little more than alliances on the battleground of sexual and financial self-interest.

The story unravels against the background of Nemi, ancient home of Diana and Emperor Caligula. Spark has used Italy before—in *The Image Maker*, one of her poorer books—and one wishes she had been content with a single excursion there. She is most at home *at home*, whether in the shabby gentility of Edinburgh or the working-class vistas of Peckham Rye. Maggie, the heiress around whose personality and possessions *The Takeover* centers, regards Hubert, the writer, as an artsy, exciting stimulant to the boredom of her pampered life. Hubert, who in turn likes the life style Maggie underwrites for him, makes no effort to move out once their friendship folds. As Maggie struggles to evict him, he cunningly substitutes fakes for her antiques and is resolutely not at home when the semblances of authority Maggie can muster come to present him with writs. Friends, relatives and strangers are enlisted by each side in the "battle"; secondary struggles develop, and secondary frauds. When, at the book's end, Maggie and Hubert are finally reunited, the other characters (for the most part inserted and withdrawn in haste) have long been eclipsed by a larger character named Money.

Early reviewers dwelt on the presence of Mammon in *The Takeover* and certainly suggestions of an economic "theme" are dotted through the book. But they form no more than an undercurrent, and are scarcely enlarged by the authority of the intrusive, narrative voice. At one point in the novel, the narrator declares: "The war of 1973 in the Middle East was just coming to an end. Things would never be the same." But this interesting idea of historical change, like that of economic determinism, is only toyed with in *The Takeover*, and is never fully related to the workings of the plot or the lives of the characters. A sensation of imminent disaster remains only imminent. Like the energies of the novel as a whole, the historical interjections do not support much weight.

Although the world of *The Takeover* is depressingly empty (despite the aura of Nemi and the supposed glamour of the rich), what might have been a chilling portrait of just such a world—where motives can only be selfish and love is always a front—is consistently undercut by an ill-fitting levity of tone, an embracing irony that prevents characters from reaching any extensive awareness of themselves, and keeps the reader from it as well. The occasional flashes of humor, and the few suggestions of a theme, speak for the authorial intelligence at work. But this intelligence is badly at odds with the story it hopes to inform. The disappointment in read-

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ing *The Takeover* is augmented by the specter of the book it might have been.

Where *The Takeover* falters, Iris Murdoch's new novel, *Henry and Cato*, is only slightly more successful. Murdoch has always been a more consciously intellectual writer than Spark, if not always so facile with dialogue, nor so easy a stylist. Certainly her twin role as philosophy don and novelist helps explain the sophistication of her approach to the writing of fiction. In an essay published many years ago in *The Yale Review*, entitled "The Beautiful and the Sublime Revisited," Murdoch argued that what the modern novel needed most was, quite simply, people. Too often, she claimed, "the individual has tended to disappear from the novel." Writers have either got stuck in a web of self-consciousness or, desperate to escape these bonds, they have fallen back on tired themes and conventions. On the one hand, according to Murdoch, lies a literature of neurosis; on the other —which finds it better, in T.S. Eliot's words, "to worship a Golden Calf than nothing at all"—lies a literature of convention. Between these limiting alternatives, Murdoch proposes a literature that focuses on personality—what might best be called the novel of deeply imagined character. Given the prevalence of the two "extremes" Murdoch cites, her views are not so conservative as they might at first appear. Unfortunately, her novels—and they have come out at a fairly astonishing clip over the years—have rarely lived up to the proposition her essay espouses. They are peopled novels, to be sure, but as a rule Murdoch's characters are not as vital, or as memorable, as her theorizing suggests they ought to be. The characters of her new novel prove to be no exception.

Henry and Cato is a book about plights. Its characters move through its pages in uncertain, dislocated fashion. They are victims of fate, but fate is not the only mover here. The characters' stability is further undermined by a narrative stance that never seems to make up its mind about which characters to look at, which characters to prefer. The point of view focuses, for the most part, on two Englishmen: the Henry mentioned above, who has been teaching college in Midwest America, and Cato Forbes, a priest of three years' tenure, who has been working in a London slum. The book begins with Henry's return to England after his older brother's death. The unexpected heir to his family estate, Henry is determined to sell his newly inherited mansion and acreage, relocate his mother in more modest housing, and return to America and the only sure friends he has. Cato's life, too, has recently changed—in his case by a growing attachment to Beautiful Joe, a boy in his parish. His possible homosexuality seems to disturb Cato far less than the ineffectuality of his efforts to help Joe and keep him from a life of crime.

Much like *The Takeover, Henry and Cato* is filled with deceptions. Both Henry's and Cato's lives are strewn with false starts, sudden reversals. Henry's is the more eventful of the two, and it is he at book's end who seems to have found a true beginning. Intent on ridding himself of his new estate, Henry is slowly persuaded to do otherwise; his "conversion" is brought about mainly by Colette Forbes, Cato's sister, who is in love with him.

Where we sense Henry's star to be rising, Cato's throughout the book descends. And if the ending of Henry's story seems pat after his earlier trials, Cato's exit is disturbingly open-ended. Having lost Joe, having lost his faith, Cato is left only with the vanity of self-pity: "I've lost my self-esteem. . . . Now it's gone I feel every sin can tempt me, you name it. Once that spiritual décor is stripped away there's nothing but a demon left." Since Cato is the most interesting character in Murdoch's novel, it is unfortunate that his story, compared to Henry's, gets such short shrift. Existential paralysis, loss of faith—call them what you will, these are occurrences of little value if presented as *faits accomplis*. Murdoch has herself contributed to what is now the clichéd figure of the alienated protagonist. Why then does she rest content with the cliché? Hampered by the narrative restraint that runs through all her work, Murdoch simply does not do enough with Cato, or with her novel. Her interest in people is obvious enough, but it shows to advantage in *Henry and Cato* only in her treatment of minor characters—notably Lucius Lamb, an aging poet who has lived off Henry's mother for years and now faces the prospect of living on his own. Unwilling to derail her two main stories—those of Henry and Cato—Murdoch can only dabble with her lesser, but potentially intriguing, creations. Unlike Dickens, to invoke a masterful inventor of characters, Murdoch is unable to create a wide-ranging, panoramic vision of the world that still coheres. A narrative stance that plunges into one sensibility, only to withdraw in frigid detachment from another, creates a situation where minor and major characters alike suffer from the uncertainty of their maker. With a highly complicated plot, some geographical range, and a great number of characters, Murdoch had the opportunity to write a larger (I am not referring to length) and more powerful book than the ambiguous, puzzling, and ultimately unsatisfying novel she has presented us with.

As novelists, both Spark and Murdoch work with a built-in sense of restraint that acts more as an admonitory agent than as an aid. The actual effects of such restraint are easy to discern: first in the adherence to an omniscient narrative viewpoint that can look at many characters without committing itself to any one; and second with the use of intelligent, middle- or upper-class protagonists, whose thoughts are given as much attention as their actions; third, there is

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a concomitant use of working-class people as unthinking oddities, generally villainous ones (thus the viciousness of Beautiful Joe in *Henry and Cato*, the bisexuality and greed of the servant in *The Takeover*); and finally one encounters a pervasive irony of tone which provides moments of humor, but which also undermines the seriousness of the individual book.

There is nothing in these four effects (except for the treatment of working-class characters) that anyone can take offense at. But there is also little to applaud. A complete absence of risk in a novel suggests that the goals of the writer are nothing unusual. I suppose that with the continued critical and popular success of their novels, Murdoch and Spark feel under little obligation to make any changes. They are, I think it fair to say, as widely read by Americans as any other living British novelists. It is in light of such large reputations that their flaws seem so considerable. To a great many people, Murdoch and Spark are representative of contemporary British fiction. Inaccurate as this representation may be, it does say something of British fiction that replacements are not regularly proposed. The Angry Young Men are no longer angry; Kingsley Amis seems too happy by far; and so a literary culture which has C.P. Snow and J.B. Priestley as figureheads must be grateful for what little relief Murdoch and Spark can provide. The two should be given credit for seeking out the stronger models of their country's literary tradition from which to work; Forster, Dickens and, with her masterful use of ironic detachment, Jane Austen, have been obvious influences. But models of the past can hardly provide enough fuel for the present, nor will a glossy façade of topical reference (as in *The Takeover*) do more than update a previously published page. For Murdoch and Spark, to experiment would be no guarantee of success—not when so much of experimental fiction remains more experiment than fiction—but it would at least show an interest in a world in which, their fiction apart, everything changes. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

The notion of a dance company *en travesti* is too jolly, and too pertinent to these dance-glutted times, to get fouled up with such matters as female impersonation and adolescent and/or homosexual wish-fulfillment. Perhaps the Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo has also been of this mind since it began performing in September 1974, but in my experience it was only during its last *"Saison Russe,"* at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in December, that the dancers made travesties, as well as other kinds of comments, out of the dances and not out of themselves. Although the current repertory is not completely in tune with the prevailing artistic policy of parody and elucidation, one may now enjoy the Trockadero men as satirists and stylists. Having dispensed with the desire to be ballerinas and having outgrown their stage-struck phase, they no longer strut around in the symbolic paraphernalia of tutus and *pointe* shoes; they dance in theatrical uniform that is carefully distorted to emphasize whatever symbolic significance it may have to the dance. Now that they understand themselves to be established on the other side of the footlights, the Trockadero is free to perform for an audience instead of for themselves and sympathizers. Objectification of their roles as performers naturally objectifies their activities on the stage. On the small scale it means, for example, that they do not make faces at the audience or at one another (yes, it used to be that bad) unless it is part of the story—as when Odette senses that her most noble moment, the *pas de deux* with the prince, is endangered by the presence of a third person, Benno, the prince's *aide-de-camp*; or when, in the final moment of *Les Sylphides* and in any number of moments in *Go for Barocco*, the dancers show their annoyance at having to hustle into neat formation in two beats flat. One would not have thought to describe Fokine and Balanchine as masters of the inconvenient until the Trockadero pointed it out. It is for such insights that the company exists.

The large-scale change is the story itself—from "look, guys, I'm dancing" to "look at what I'm dancing." Some takeoff points are more congenial than others, but they are not easily categorized. Nor are their odds for success predictable. *Swan Lake*, with its strong and somewhat absurd plot and richness of theatrical convention, would seem a natural—and it is. In fact, the pitter-patter of the little swans' dance makes sense only in the proudly clunking world of the Trockadero, and, if for no other reason, the Trockadero *Swan Lake* is fully justified by this exposé of an audience favorite. In contrast to this bird romance, one such as *The Dying Swan* might seem too inherently Trockaderoized to profit from further treatment. As performed by Zamarina Zamarkova however, the dying swan becomes an interesting sister of Olga Tchikaboumskaya's bewitched swan. Zamarkova gives us the Russian version of swanness: inhumanly long arms, predatory angles of the chin peering down over the tutu to the feet; and a general exploitation of the long back and torso. Tchikaboumskaya shows us the English swan: soft flutters, rounded lines, harmonious interplay between upper and lower body,

THE FISHERMAN

The night was wet, spun luminous.
The sky was thick, rose red. Palms
leaned like gods over the black bay.

Land's end, I saw haloed in hissing
light, a solitary fisherman whose line
stretched into the rolling dark.

His pole arched, suddenly, in a U.
Something heaved and dove deep.
Feet rooted in the sand, arms taut,

the man fought, reeling.
His gleaming face shook drops that sputtered
silver in the lantern's fire. I watched him

grapple at the edge of light until
a spasm shattered black,
spit salt, hit sand, until

flopping like a heart, ragged fan
and glittering gill, the dying dark
lay still, all fish now.

Susan Fawcett

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pathetic rather than exotic. She is the most polite of the swans—witness the care and patience with which she mimes to the prince her predicament—and in this English world politeness might be the reason she is queen. National context gives the dying swan's morbidity a certain legitimacy as well.

Appreciation (in the swan cases, of national style) is as much the concern of parodists as is ridicule. Proper balance is the key. The Trockadero hits it right, both with the trivial (e.g., *The Dying Swan* and a Soviet stunt known as *Spring Waters*) and the truly emblematic (*Swan Lake, Go for Barocco,* and *Phaedra/Monotonous No. 1148*), but they don't hit it right with any pattern. Generally speaking—*Swan Lake* is the notable exception—barbed homage is best paid with homemade brew. Peter Anastos's *Go for Barocco* and Shawn Avrea's *Phaedra/Monotonous* free the spoofs from obsequious observance of the model. No two steps in either the Balanchine or Graham takeoffs fit together as Balanchine or Graham would have fitted them, but at no time do these ballets look like anything but their prototypes. The *Pas de Quatre* and Trockadero version of *Les Sylphides* are devotedly faithful to the originals and little more than inept. In *Les Sylphides* one sees badly danced Fokine and precious little Fokinism. The *Pas de Quatre* catches the Trockadero at an awkward moment of transition between past and future; the company is both too good and too bad for it. *Pas de Quatre's* implicit bitchiness, whereby four famous ballerinas must tolerate one another for the sake of the dance, was just up the alley of the old Trockadero. Now that they have traded star-lust for style-lust, the dancers have no recourse but to perform the variations. Although much stronger and self-assured technically than they were a year and a half ago, they cannot begin to pin down the dancerly qualities enumerated in the program note and supposedly embodied in the choreography—Grahn's vivaciousness, Grisi's lyrical expressiveness, Cerrito's coquetry and Taglioni's ethereal mystery.

While authenticity is the bane of the Trockadero right now, historicity is their bank for the future. And in their bizarre way, they might turn out to be the most entertaining historians of all today's contenders. This season they called upon the experience of a recent Soviet émigrée, Yelena Tchernichova, to stage a *pas de deux* from *Les Millions d'Arlequin,* a Petipa ballet unknown in the West. This looks to be an absolutely fascinating genre, a mixture of extreme virtuosity for classical ballerina and cavalier and demi-character mime. To bring both styles into full measure is a challenge to confound the most experienced of performers. Balanchine has explored the mix in his own *Harlequinade* and more thoroughly in *The Steadfast Tin Soldier,* and when Patricia McBride and her partners most fully yield to the idea of a demi-character first dancer we see artists at the peak of their powers. Tchikaboumskaya and Alexis Lermontov are not exactly about to challenge McBride, Edward Villella or Peter Schaufuss on beauty of execution, but I don't think it an exaggeration to say that the Trockadero men float through Petipa's stylistic paradoxes with as much charm and conviction as the City Ballet dancers handle Balanchine's. For all one knows, the Trockadero harlequins were doing Petipa step for step, but authenticity became a moot issue in light of their perfectly studied innocence. Absolutely sincere mockery of ardor is, indeed, as multi-layered as it sounds, and it was all spun out with sweetness and light.

This *pas de deux* is the most unpredictable and in many ways the most gratifying of the Trockadero successes, not least of all for its historical service. Peter Anastos's rendition of Bronislava Nijinska's *Les Biches* (1924) could have been an equally important service and, considering the ballet's theme of sexual ambiguity, an opportunity for more multi-layered texture. But what theoretically should have been the most provocative of Trockadero excursions turned out to be a case of overweening appreciation. Having scoured old picture books, Anastos could paste them together but could not animate them, much less make hash of them. Then again, there was a tone of serious seriousness in this *Les Biches* that made me wonder if Anastos would have made hash *had*

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he been familiar enough with original style and tone. The desire for authenticity, to recapture the past literally, has thrown many companies into confusion from time to time. For the Trockadero, however, such aspirations amount to an identity crisis. There are still too many moments when the whole enterprise cries out for more banana peels. The Trockadero men could never be too dumb, but who knows if they are smart enough to know it? What was wrong with Imogene Coca, anyway? □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

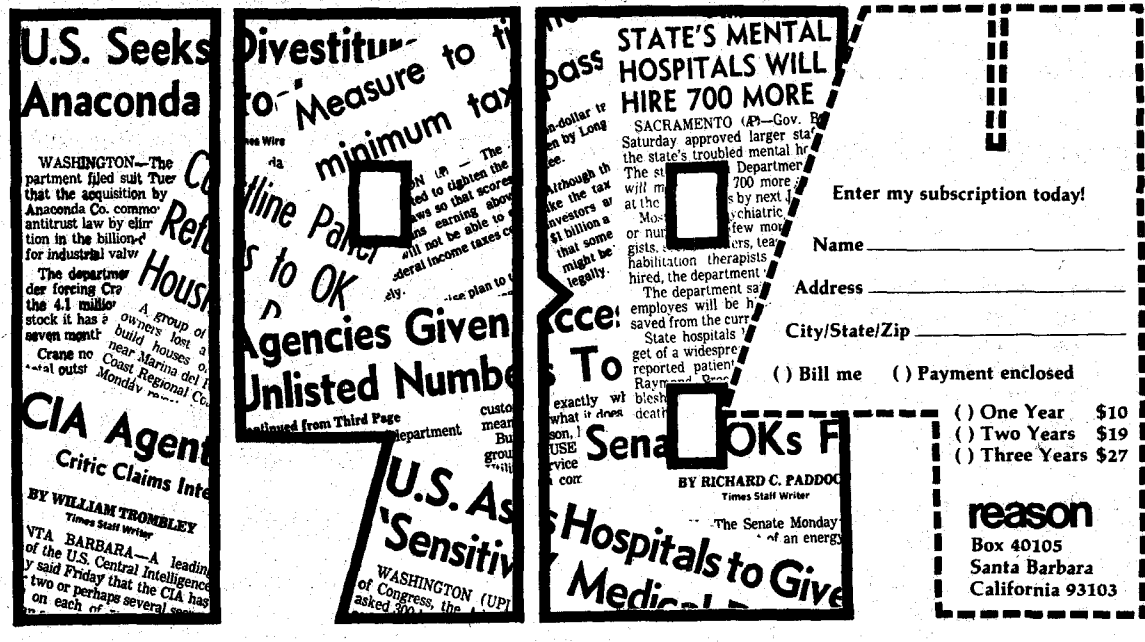
In 1962 when Tennessee Williams's *The Night of the Iguana* was first produced I wrote that though it was not strictly autobiographical, "it does give us an idea of how Williams sees and judges himself. At the moment this seems to me the most rewarding aspect of the play, though not the only one." The play is written with considerable humor and a grace of language which make even the weakest of Williams's writings ingratiating. *Iguana* is in fact one of the better of Williams's later plays. There is a personal honesty about it which in this instance is sympathetic.

Williams presents himself here as a young defrocked Episcopal minister, named Lawrence Shannon. I find it hard to believe that Shannon was ever a clergyman of any kind, but it is evident that what Williams means is that the fellow has a religious streak in him. The God who once claimed his faith has become a pantheistic deity, amoral as the forces of nature itself. Shannon is given to haphazard sexual bouts—minors are not exempt from his swift and sudden accesses of concupiscence—and this tendency, combined with a need for alcoholic assuagement, disgusts him as much as it gratifies.

In this one recognizes the still-burning embers of Puritan fire. It has its idol in the person of a chaste and beautiful New England spinster, serene in spiritual strength, understanding all, forgiving all. She is a bit of an artist, her grandfather an aged poet. To the blemished Shannon, such a lady is a surrogate Madonna. Intelligent enough to realize that he can never attain her soulful elevation, he reconciles himself to settling down as a companion in waywardness to a lewd and gusty American woman, owner of a small Mexican hotel where the play takes place. He, like the dying poet, confesses ruefully to a "frightened heart"—but he will not on that account be the better for it.

The glamour and soiled lyricism that the play seemed initially to possess have faded; or is it that the production now at the Circle in the Square is less telling? The set designed by H.R. Poindexter uses the Circle's oblong space well and is attractive in itself. The acting conveys most of Williams's intentions, though often it is too vociferous and lacks the authenticity of inner experience which redeems Williams's fables from crudity.

Richard Chamberlain is a handsome romantic actor but there is too much tension in his theatricality, a too conscious picturesqueness in his display of temperament. Sylvia Miles has a rough sense of comedy, a sort of street realism, that is often effective, but her characterization needs a great underlay of quiet sensory wisdom to make it Williams's fleshly *hotelière*. Dorothy McGuire's simple and sound vessel of purity misses the illumination of sanctity with which Margaret Leighton was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able to endow the part, but she is entirely believable. The direction for such a play requires a subtler touch.

Volpone, Ben Jonson's savage comedy about greed, has now come to us as a rowdy farce yclept *Sly Fox* (Broadhurst Theatre). The new version is by Larry Gelbart, co-author of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, a man who knows his way around jokes. *Sly Fox* is funny. Its fun is so unabashedly and good-naturedly vulgar that one cannot take offense. One might even say that there is a certain innocence about it.

It is extremely well-produced. Arthur Penn's direction has helped the cast as much as the cast has helped him with the invention or improvisation of burlesque ploys. For the first time, George Scott uses his saturnine power to pleasant comic ends. He is occasionally majestic, now and again charming and in one role (besides that of the "Fox" himself) is hilarious in an old-time American "Western" tradition.

Bob Dishy as a clownish hypocrite is devastatingly witty. I've never before seen Jack Gilford so convulsively laugh-provoking as he is here as a miserly octogenarian. John Heffernan is not far behind them as a creepy lawyer, and Hector Elizondo as the alert and bright lackey for the "Fox" prevents the general zaniness from going too far overboard. George Jenkins's settings—stylizations of San Francisco interiors before the Great Fire—are efficient and engaging.

David Rudkin's *Ashes* is the play which has recently most *interested* me. (Produced at the Manhattan Theatre Club in association with Joseph Papp.) It is an example of that doomsday drama now common in England—one, I should add, which does honor to its stage—but different from most of the others. It is on the whole more original and intellectual, harder and yet full of genuine feeling. It is stylized in steely objectivity—like a demonstration—yet is rooted in reality and emotionally powerful.

Rudkin commands a writing style that is at once colloquial British and compact with the mature sophistication of the well-educated. It possesses a quizzical humor, both detached and intense, and requires that the audience pay close attention.

On an almost bare, metal-framed platform, with a minimum of properties, the action unfolds in a series of short flashes of incident. The two pivotal characters are a married couple: Colin, an Ulster Irishman resident in England, and Anne, an Englishwoman. Both are teachers. We are put off at first by an explicitly clinical exposition of their unusual difficulty in producing a child. They seek medical advice, they are offered instruction, they undergo various types of experimentation to little avail.

When Anne does become pregnant there are further painful complications. She miscarries and must have her womb removed. By his gift for acid verbiage Rudkin manages to make all of this bearable, though not exactly "amusing." I was on the verge of protesting that there was too much anatomical detail. Then it occurred to me that the author had something more in view than an exposition of the pangs of parturition; that the "unpleasantness" we had been subjected to was a dramatized metaphor for the beginning and maintenance of life.

Little cruelties of life follow relentlessly on larger ones. Colin sees the remains of two relatives blown to bits by a bombing in the war in Ulster. Colin and Anne suffer new sorrow when the County denies them the privilege of adopting a child they so desperately want. "It's a pig of a world—it's so unjust," a neighbor says. "What if the world's will is wild," Anne questions herself, "without mercy, senseless? At the heart of things, what if there *is* no purpose, no logic, no love at all?" And Colin echoes her darkest thoughts, "What happens to us bears no resemblance to 'morality'. . . . Yet from that inequity, might there not be a lesson to learn? We are so near the letters, how can we see the words?" He feels "severed."

This is the psychological situation or state of mind of many in the world today. And still—and still—"We must do what we can with what remains," Colin says; and Anne: "If we're not to be parents [we must] move on to what we can become." Colin is torn by contradictory sentiments. He still feels an attachment to and pride in his native land, though his Orange compatriots despise him for living in England in fear of the troubles at home. While he is horrified by the violence, he also accepts it. "Violence will never pay, we are told. But it does, and in our hearts we know it does. I have been part of a muck that only violence can shift. . . ." Then he takes another tack, "I just think we have to change somehow, to try to find some new way out of this."

For all its grimness, the play is not "nihilistic." There is no basis in *reason* for Colin and Anne (i.e., for any of us!) to go on. Their very deprivations constitute a kind of release. At the very nadir of their unhappiness she holds on to him forcefully, raising his face to her own. A strange light like a spark of determination sharpens his gaze. They will face the future to wherever it may lead—regardless! That is the way of humankind, the way of life, that is all we can mean by hope.

Lynne Meadow, artistic director of the Manhattan Theatre Club, has staged the play as if it were her own—in exactly the right unflinching temper. Roberta Maxwell is a perfect Anne, Brian Murray an excellent Colin: they both excite us to laughter without recourse to gags; they touch us without tugging at our heartstrings. Without adventitious adornments of characterization, they strike us as complete beings. Admirable too are John Tillinger who plays a variety of roles (doctor, semenologist, gynecological surgeon) and Penelope Allen (medical student, receptionist, neighbor, nurse, et al.). □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

A new work by Vito Acconci at the Sonnabend Gallery was called "Where We Are Now (Who Are We Anyway?)." The gallery was bare except for a long, narrow plank table with eight stools on either side. As you entered the gallery the first impression was of sound: voices, a clock ticking, white noise. The sound came from a square boxlike speaker above one end of the table, near the point at which its surface, extended to run out the window, jutted above the street (Sonnabend is on the third floor). Thus the table was not only a work area but a route, something between a model's walkway and a pirate's plank. There were no written instructions and visitors often stood to listen instead of taking one of the stools provided for them.

The taped soundtrack carried the voices of Acconci and others. Depending on the moment when you entered, you heard—in naturalistic mumblings, overlaps and repetitions—sentences like these: "And what do you think?" "Now that we have nothing more to say." "Now we can talk ourselves into it." "Listen, do you hear it? Something is coming over us." And occasionally there were commands: "Regroup," like a drill sergeant's order; or a schoolteacher's "Take your seats." The mash of sentences, subtly modulated and interrupted by Acconci to disrupt causal relationships, was a whispering wall of commit-

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THE DREAM RE-DREAMED

Small bronzed idol,
aglow with gold-light:
when I awoke hurriedly
to bring you offering,
in that dropped moment
of waking I lost your
face (shut eyes and
Buddha-smile) my hands
emptied of themselves.
I think now:
if
I were to bathe in
strange waters, I'd
find your image again
inside wave-ripple
and suncrest (piercing).
How I'd stumble out
of the sea, staggering
with gifts!
See,
I am waiting for
the dream re-dreamed.

Etta Blum

tee meetings, party conversations and paranoid suspicions. Or, a monologue of unsorted radio transmissions.

Text has always been important to Acconci, though for a time this aspect of his work was overlooked. He came to prominence in terms of body art, with a series of performances based on the use of his own body, clothed or naked. The impact of his hairy body blocked our memory of the fact that originally he had been a poet. Here is a short passage from a text of 1968: "Let me explain. A place is a way for admission or transit; physical environment; physical surroundings; an indefinite region or expanse; a building or locality used for a special purpose; a particular region or center of population; an individual dwelling or estate . . ." (quoted from *Vito Acconci* by Mario Diacono, Out of London Press). His later work explores the relationship of sound and architecture, the aural and the spatial. The new piece is characteristic of these interests: the environmental concern stated in the early text is elaborated by means of real furniture and rooms, and words have been shifted from the printed page to tape. He is still a performance artist, in a sense, but he does not perform for us; it is we who perform for him as we occupy his ambiguous environments.

Art Green, one of the original members of the Hairy Who group, showed recent paintings at the Phyllis Kind Gallery. He was always a deliberate artist, more stolid than the rest of the group in his use of comic books, cheap ads, and tattooing as source material. He tended to solidify these lively models. He was confirmed in this practice by later Chicago artists who turned to Art Deco pinball machines and juke boxes as the model for a camp monumentality. In the new paintings Green's steady emphasis on design is applied to what might be called anti-illusionist *trompe l'oeil* paintings. In place of the bulletin-board format frequent in such painting, he paints a kind of trampoline frame, crisscrossed by colored cords, but without the stretched bouncy sheet. Among the strung cords he paints objects and images, which include simulated photographs, but everything is painted flat so that the effect of space is suspended.

His colors are dark and bright, with deep reds, solemn greens, browns, heavy yellows. For all his stepped-up color, Green's paintings seem to be in the tradition of late (non-Futurist) Gino Severini and Léger. In fact, the sinuous thick line that glues his forms together is reminiscent of Léger's contouring in his objects in space paintings. Green's work represents a mode of handsome decoration: in Paris in the 1920s and 1930s such a mode developed out of Cubism; in America it has emerged out of a form of Pop art. In both cases the artists were motivated by formal interests, the flow of line, the zing of color, the riming of analogous forms. These pictorial devices, in the absence of a signifying function (a fierce Populism in the case of the Hairy Who group), are a reminder that decorativeness is not the exclusive possession of Abstract painting.

William Beckman is a realist working in a northern Renaissance revival style: uncluttered rooms, single figures, polished textures, and chains of detail scrupulously observed. He appears to be a slow worker: two full-length figures and one head, along with some drawings, represent three years' output. His strength is in drawing and modeling rather than in color, which is often the case with compulsive artists. The pigment is cajoled to refined tonal discriminations with a minimum of manual traces. In one sense, his paintings are a respectful matching of appearances, the artist virtuous and intent; on the other hand, he is also soliciting astonishment. If I am right, his pictures combine modesty (before nature) and ostentation (in its transcription); like somebody who gets up earlier than you do, or who breaks the ice to go swimming. In "Diana III" he shows his skill at its best. There is the usual bit by bit matching of detail, but in addition the angle of vision and the pose of the sitter are in tense equilibrium. His own self-portrait, full-length, facing the spectator, is a more conventional confrontation of the one (the artist) and the many (ourselves).

The stance of prideful virtue is interesting and if he can curb his virtuosity may lead to fascinating future work. The only problem is that it was hard to see his work. He released three years of work, but did it at Allan Stone's Gallery. All dealers have art in the back room but Stone has only a back room. Beckman's *new* work was deluged by the gallery's holdings over the walls—scads of Franz Kline and Arshille Gorky, some Willem de Koonings and John Grahams, not to mention jewelry, Americana and primitive art: a clutter beyond satiety. The lighting was terrible (uneven intensity on the varnished surfaces of the paintings) and I am not writing about Beckman's drawings for the reason that they were impossible to see. □

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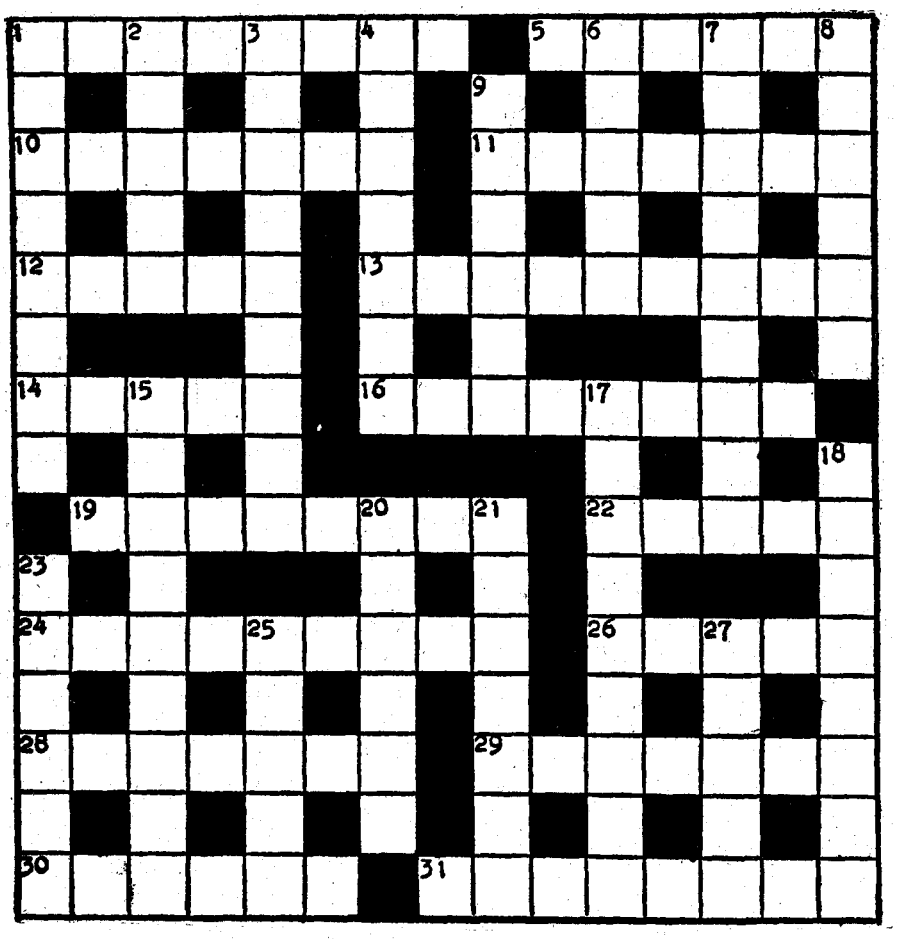
Crossword Puzzle No. 1661

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Ensuing a bloody mess? (8)
5 A very loud tune for a big occasion. (6)
10 See 16 across
11 Descriptive of that little star, considering its evident shape. (7)
12 Hiawatha to Nokomis, when little. (5)
13 Sharp or flat? That's strange! (9)
14 and 27 down One might with no bud, but you'll get fascinated by it. (10)
16, 10 and 28 across Mrs. Ford was numbered among them. (3,5,5,2,7)
19 The sort of ace he had might hit a high spot. (8)
22 Tip for what the favorite might be losing. (5)
24 The correct expression when you take your turn in the service? (5,4)
26 What the last couple of months have in common could perhaps still offer a little heat. (5)
28 See 16 across
29 A bit true, a bit false, but the loser might have to pay it. (7)
30 Non-professional minstrel, possibly. (6)
31 Trite sayings some bird makes up. (8)

DOWN

1 Looked to an animal for support. (8)
2 and 9 down Sounds like one of the fruits of service. (5,6)
3 Virgin territory might be somewhat like 22 if you're talking about your stomach. (9)
4 With such insurance the service should be good at court. (2-5)
6 One could make it of 4 without an act of scorn. (5)
7 The basis of many a pleasing whiff. (9)
8 Don't forget how an official can be bounced! (6)
9 See 2 down
15 It used to mean a coming-out—now it's any call for sudden action. (9)
17 Implies a religious get-together. (9)
18 They're not necessarily shocked into beginning something. (8)
20 Game for the musical type? (6)
21 One doesn't have to go to college in D.C. to be one. (7)
23 A workman might use this sort of 12 right after the beginning. (6)
25 A slate product for the electrician? (5)
27 See 14 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1660

ACROSS: 1 Oneupsmanship; 10 and 13 Three's a crowd; 11 Galatea; 12 Irascible; 14 Escape; 16 Stampede; 19 Two-timer; 20 Flutes; 22 Mason; 23 Showcases; 25 Rosebud; 26 Rankled; 27 Corespondents. DOWN: 2 Norma; 3 Unexceptionable; 4 Scabby; 5 Augments; 6 Self-complacence; 7 Introvert; 8 Strident; 15 Chooses to; 17 East Side; 18 Messed up; 21 and 9 down Four-in-hand; 22 Mare; 24 Split.

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